

SPARKS

Vol. 1, No. 2

NO. 4 WIRELESS SCHOOL, GUELPH, ONTARIO

Easter, 1942

TO GROUP CAPTAIN A. H. KEITH RUSSELL

On behalf of the airmen, airwomen and officers of No. 4 Wireless School, the editorial staff of "Sparks" extends a sincere handshake of congratulations on your recent promotion to Group Captain.

It is with best wishes that we hope you continue in your new, well-deserved position, with the best of luck and the best of health.

No. 4 W. S. Airmen Extinguish Huge Fire

\$300,000 Worth of Livestock Saved

Charred ruins are all that remain of a once large, well constructed government stable. Behind this scene lies an interesting story - a tale of courage, humour . . . and a fierce fighting spirit.

At first a puff of smoke appeared, then an increasing volume of dense black smoke shot out from the roof. Several airmen glancing out of their barrack windows, noticed this peculiarity, dashed but and sounded the alarm.

The building was part of the Ontario Agricultural College and housed over \$300,000 worth of live prize stock - Blue Ribbon horses and cattle. The airmen on the station dashed out towards the fire, opened the doors of the stable, and were engulfed by the choking fumes.

Wetting their handkerchiefs and shielding themselves as well as possible they managed to withdraw all the rearing, fire-crazed animals. Some of the huge beasts, while being evacuated, tossed their saviours around like corks, but despite this, all but one small calf were withdrawn to the pastures nearby.

The capacious stable, filled with hay and feed for the animals, was highly inflammable, and in no time

at all, the building was belching forth flames and smoke hundreds of feet skywards—burning pieces of wood were flying all around.

The Guelph firemen arrived and opened up jets of water on it, and together with the Air Force hoses and 200 firemen for a night (airmen), 3 adjacent buildings were saved, numerous grass fires put out, and a wing of the burning stable saved. Some of the lads were standing around for over three hours, knee deep in mud, holding hoses or using fire extinguishers.

There was no confusion. These lads, taught to work on split-second decisions, did a methodical and thorough job. They deserve all the praise we can give them. Compliments must also be paid to several of the officers and N.C.O.'s who also took off their jackets, rolled up their sleeves and worked side by side with the airmen.

Said one fireman, "As WAGs you sure make good firemen!"

Yes, it was a large fire and the airmen deserve much credit, but it also shows a courageous, undying spirit . . . the same spirit that these fellows will carry with them . . . against the foe . . . and make "Victory a Certainty"

No. 4 Wireless School Says "Goodbye" to S/L Walmsley

The British Air Training Scheme has proven itself to be a tremendous success. The plans were drawn up by capable men - much work ensued - but co-operation was the basic principle. The foundations are solid, but many good heads were required to follow up and help deliver first class fighting men. The success of the "scheme" has proven itself on the home front and the battle front. We know then, that the instructional work is in the right hands throughout the training centres.

Outstanding amongst the schools are a certain few men, head and



shoulders above the rest. No. 4 Wireless School has definitely proven itself to be the best Wireless School in Canada. The dynamic gentleman who deserves a great part of the credit for this school being "tops" is Squadron Leader A. Walmsley, who

holds the position of Chief Instructor.

We all know that the C. I. is tireless. How many are aware that he thinks nothing of working from 8:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. when the occasion arises? The instructional staff working under him can tell you that he revels in labour. Yes, S/L Walmsley knows that they sometimes curse him - - but any of these men would cut their right arm off for him - - - 'cause they swear by him. He seems to act like a dynamo, generating a current - - and any person who comes in contact with him seems to absorb some of that energy - - the inspiration to work. He is also extremely just, and plays no favourites with officers and men alike. Perhaps his past history has some bearing on his nature.

He was born in Bolton, Lancashire, England, in 1907 and came to Canada in 1922. He lived mainly in Vancouver. He enlisted as an AC2 Aero Engine Mechanic in No. 11 (AC) Squadron R.C.A.F., a non permanent Unit in 1934. While a member of this Unit he instructed in Aero Engines, Air Frames and Signals. He received his commission in 1936 and obtained his Pilot's Wings immediately afterwards. He

took an initial Armament Course in Bombing and Gunnery and later a course in Aerial Photography and Instrument Flying. After training for about a year as an Army Co-operation Pilot, No. 11 (AC) Squadron was equipped with Lysander Aircraft and was re-organized as No. 111 (Coastal Artillery Co-operation) Squadron and further training for over two years was required in this branch of the Service.

He organized the Dominion Provincial Youth Training School in Vancouver which has proved quite successful.

When war was declared, he enlisted for active service, overseas duty,



S/L Walmsley

but was declined the privilege and was sent to Patricia Bay, Vancouver Island. He was later posted to No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal as assistant chief instructor. After proving his worth there, he was sent to No. 4 Wireless School as chief instructor

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Easter Greetings



BUGLERS WANTED

The No. 4 Wireless Bugle Band has increased and improved marvellously in the past month. There is still room for more buglers, and anyone with experience is urged to report at once to room 370 in the administration building.

The peculiarity of the band is that no one above the rank of L.A.C. is allowed to join. The aircraftsmen are out to show their worth, so if you are in a position where you can put your talents to use, do not fail this call.



"SPARKS"

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ESPRIT DE CORPS

How often we hear this French phrase spoken in our service! It seems we like the sound of it; we like the idea of it. But, too often you and I use it as a means to a selfish end. Perhaps the Spirit of the Service shall improve when we learn the true meaning of the term.

It is evident, since we are all in the Air Force voluntarily, that we, most of us, fully understand and appreciate the fruits of democracy. We are willing to fight and die for this ideology called democracy in a governmental aspect, and yet we so often hesitate to extend the democratic principles in our own private worlds.

Esprit de corps, democracy, one for all and all for one, together we stand, divided we fall; all are expressions of Christ's greatest teaching: The Golden Rule. Just what is the Golden Rule? Is it "Live and Let Live?" I don't think so. Christ went deeper into the soul of mankind than just that. To prepare us for a life where all must fight a thousand natural enemies, where living itself is a struggle, surely He must have meant to advise us to live and *Help* live.

Yet, in a world where unity and co-operation should prevail, how many times do we succumb to the one thing that can cause us to lose this war? Selfishness. How often we "pigeon-hole" the real issues at stake in order to consider petty self-seeking!

"Divide and rule" has always been the despot's greatest weapon. Greater than catapults and arrows in early Roman times and greater than sixteen inch naval guns and two-ton aerial bombs today. Adolf didn't conquer France with arms; he defeated our ally, the French people, with his despicable fifth column's underground work in the art of enlarging the differences between political and social factions in France.

France was once one of the greatest exponents of democracy. However, because she allowed herself to be split into warring factions, she now finds that she is not only unable to help the other democracies in defeating Hitler, but unhappily is forced to assist in the attempt to crush the doctrine by which she once lived.

Are we to allow ourselves to slip into the subconsciousness that is the prelude to defeat? We shout "No!" and still we find ourselves forgetting to understand the other fellow's problems. Our fight starts with co-operation amongst ourselves. When we fail to co-operate with and understand the chap who sleeps in the bunk over us, when we close our eyes to the tough, monotonous job our instructors have to perform, when we talk amongst ourselves about the assumed or real faults of our superiors, when we criticize in any way the method of our training or when we fail to help the students overcome their various individual shortcomings as men of the service, we are subconsciously helping Hitler to conquer us.

When we won't condemn anyone in this service, it is always good to remember that there isn't a yellow one in the crowd; that the "Spirit of the Service," means comradeship and unity and in "unity there is strength."

Let's All Pull Together

by S/L. WALMSLEY

In Canada, we are still able, thank heavens, to voice our disagreement whenever we choose, but did you ever consider whether this "beefing" was justified? Discipline seems to be troublesome to a small number of trainees. Yes, I know, marching smartly or walking with your hands out of your pockets will not win the war, but the mind of the man who does such things without thinking is the kind of mind which is under control. The owner of such a mind is usually calm under stress, is conscientious and reliable, and can be trusted to do things on his own without constant supervision. The minority rail at the so-called hardships of discipline, the majority have always accepted it as normal, everyday healthy living.

Trainees in Wireless Schools are of three main types:

- Those who want to be Wireless Operators (Air Gunner)
- Those who want to be and have difficulty with the course.
- Those who do not want to be Wireless Operators (Air Gunner) and fail the course deliberately.

The majority of trainees can be classified as Type "A" or "B" and all they require is instruction, encouragement and discipline. These men are "the salt of the earth," and I am glad to have had the privilege of working with them. These trainees have "grown up," maybe not in years, but in mentality and outlook - - they co-operate and realize we are all working under considerable difficulties, they are tolerant, they realize that in a few weeks they will be Sergeants, and they try to act like N.C.O.'s now. They realize they have a job to do and intend to do it. Even when their graduation is deferred, they dig in again with chin up and graduate later. They have enough confidence in themselves to know that with their assistance, the United Nations will win this war. In short, they are "tops" and many of them will distinguish themselves when they get into action.

Those who make an honest effort to pass the course and are not able to do so, should not reproach themselves or lose heart. We are not all suited to be Wireless Operators (Air Gunner) and many non-graduates from Wireless Schools are doing excellent service on ground duties. As long as you keep on trying to do "your bit at whatever task is given you, you will be assisting the war effort. We can't all be in the spotlight, and it may be that your work will not be spectacular but your work is more than appreciated by hundreds of thousands of homeless, starving people in Europe, China, and elsewhere, people you will never see or hear from, but they count on

YOU to help them. Don't let them down.

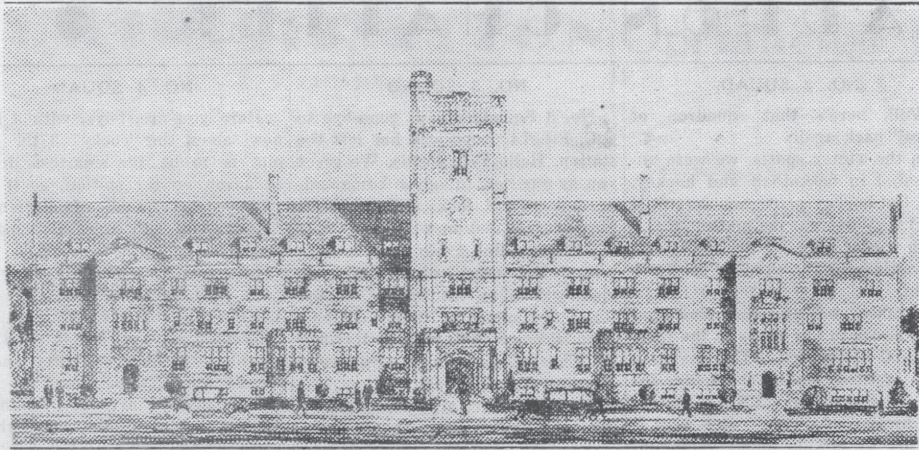
A very small minority come under the Type "C" category. They are our Fifth Column. They spread discontent and grumble about anything and everything. Their theme song is "The recruiting officer done tole me" and this is played loudly and continuously, turn the record over and we find "I want to be a pilot" played in brass. Sometimes the reverse side is "I want to be a straight Air Gunner." In all cases, the words are very sour. These trainees believe they could do wonders in another aircrew trade. It is possible they might, and so might hundreds of other people, but right now, if they want to help, they are worth far more to the war effort as Wireless Operators (Air Gunner) than in any other trade. It is the duty of any man to do his best at whatever task is set before him in order to save his OWN LIFE.

Why are Wireless Operators (Air Gunner) in greater demand than any other aircrew? When the war started, most aircraft used to carry a pilot, observer or navigator, one or two Air Gunners, and a wireless operator. The progress of the war has made it necessary to change our tactics to meet the enemy strategy, and it has been proven that aircraft are better fighting machines if more than one man in the crew is able to do any particular duty. A large aircraft, therefore, may now carry one pilot, a pilot navigator, three wireless operators (Air Gunner), who will man the power operated turrets, and operate the radio equipment, and possibly one Air Gunner will man the rear turret. It can be seen therefore, that for every large aircraft, in flight, three Wireless Operators (Rear Gunner) are required for every Pilot. Almost any courageous man can be an Air Gunner, but not all men can by any means qualify as Wireless Operators (Air Gunner). The Wireless Operator (Air Gunner) requires a higher degree of intelligence, and skill in another trade as well as gunnery.

The government realize that many men are doing a good job as Wireless Operators (Air Gunner) even though they prefer to do other work. In order to show their appreciation, the government has ruled that any Wireless Operator (Air Gunner) may apply to remuster to Pilot after giving three months satisfactory service in action. I have yet to hear of any Wireless Operator (Air Gunner) asking to remuster after seeing active service, as their job in action is far more interesting than a Pilot's and they develop a fierce pride in their skill, and loyalty to their trade.

All things considered, these few trainees who refuse to co-operate,

(Continued on Page Eight)



Administration Building, No. 4 Wireless School

Why Are We at War?

by FL/LT. HARTMAN (Padre)

The success so far achieved by the enemy is due not only to their possession of more abundant equipment and man-power, but largely to the fact that their national leaders have instilled into their fighting personnel certain ideas and ideals, to which they are devoted with fanatical zeal and for which they will make any sacrifice.

Hence, along with the need of supplying our forces with men and materials of war, exists the greater necessity of inspiring them with an ideal to fight for. They must know why they are fighting, and must be devoted to that cause with an ardour that will inspire them to heroic and unlimited efforts.

Now this war is not merely a conflict for the protection of our empire and its institutions, nor for the defence of certain parts of the globe from enemy domination. None of these things constitutes the real aim of the war. No patch of earth is, in itself, worth the sacrifice of one single human life. The material things we are defending, the battles we are fighting, are only means for attaining a vaster and infinitely more important purpose.

This is not primarily a war of nation against nation, but of Paganism against Christianity. The forces of the enemy are composed mainly of one nation that has never known Christianity and is governed by pagan principles, and of another whose leaders are striving to revert their people to paganism. We are, in fact, engaged in a gigantic Christian crusade.

Behind the warfare of bombs and shells there is being waged a spiritual combat, wherein defeat would mean the annihilation of everything that we hold precious in our Christian civilization. There has been let loose upon the world a sinister power that threatens to release the forces of destruction which have been held in check by a thousand years of Christian culture. The attack of the enemy is not confined

to sea, and land, and air, but it extends to the last sanctuary of freedom - the human soul. By mechanical force it deals death to the body; by propaganda it endeavours to extinguish the spirit.

It is of urgent necessity, therefore, that all our Christian spiritual and intellectual forces should be mobilized for the defence of our Christian heritage, just as our material resources are mobilized for the defence of our coasts and cities. We must oppose this paganism with its idolatry of power, by the united forces of Christendom with its traditions of culture extending back through the archway of the years.

It would be rank hypocrisy for us to engage in a struggle for the defence of Christianity, if we did not at the same time practise its principles. Hence, by our very participation in this war, we are pledged to live Christian lives, not only as a nation, but as individuals. Each one of us must, by the life he leads, merit the name of Christian.

The world is divided into two armed camps, for God and against Him. Only by the help of God can we conduct this war to a successful termination. We must deserve that help by the sanctity of our lives. It is the only means by which we can conclude a lasting "peace with justice."

ACTIVE SERVICE CANTEEN

by LAC. F. MORRIS

I wonder if we ever think of the comforts placed at our disposal outside the school. The first we shall speak of is the Active Service Canteen. Yes, most of us can say, "Why I don't even know where it is!" Well, just ask, lads, and you will be sure to find out.

There are so many facilities placed there for your comfort - besides recreational games - it has all the comforts of home.

Some night after we have taken in a show or perhaps a dance, or when you don't know where to go, drop in there and try one of their sandwiches and, above all, have a good cup of coffee. The lads who have had the pleasure can certainly agree.

There are at all times very charming hostesses in attendance who serve you whatever you may desire. Then perhaps there is something you would like to find out about the city of Guelph.

These ladies are there for your benefit and are trying to make your short stay in Guelph a pleasant one. So remember, lads, the next time you are down town, drop in and make yourselves at home. Make the ladies, who do this work voluntarily, feel that they are at all times doing a good job. The only thanks they want is your accepting their hospitality. Remember to visit the ACTIVE SERVICE CANTEEN.

SEEN 'N' HEARD

by W. M. T.

Congratulations to Flying Officer King on his recent marriage. Suppose that puts an end to the regular correspondence from a Toronto advertising agency. We understand his friends staged a "highly successful" bachelor party on the eve of wedding. Regrets that the Commanding Officer got away on his well-earned rest to the South before all of us had a chance to admire his new gold-braided cap. We wonder if one Flying Officer's well-known penchant for dodging "brass hats" will extend to Group Captain Russell? Yet another squadron has graduated, making a smart appearance on their "Sparks" parade. Chief regret of their Squadron Commander was that these boys could not "strut their stuff" on the parade square. Is there anyone who hasn't heard about the 21st Entry? In the person of Flying Officer MacLean we welcome another "son-of-Burch" to the station. Understand he is but the advance guard of others soon to come. Will somebody kindly suggest to one Squadron Commander that it isn't necessary to wake up the entire Mess at 0500 hours the morning his squadron hoists the Ensign? Letters arriving from graduates of No. 4 Wireless School who are now at B & G Stations attest to the fine showing of these lads. Those on Coastal Patrol, too, already have more than one sub. to their credit and recently did a fine job of rescue work in picking up survivors from a torpedoed freighter. Was it the appointment of Nursing Sister Nelles to the Station that made the Officers' Hospital so popular recently? Flying Officer Pettis's correspondence with former members of the 21st Entry is assuming vast proportions. Looks as though a special stenographer will soon be needed. Almost every "Green Sheet" contains the names of Guelph graduates appointed to commissioned rank, thus giving the lie to the well-known couplet about "no promotion this side of the ocean". Have you seen that snap of the small boy in short pants taken outside Jarvis Collegiate a great many years ago? You've guessed it! A former num- (Continued on Page Ten)

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SQUADRON CHATTER

NO. 1 SQUAD

Well, No. 1 Squadron missed the boat at the going to press last time, but here we are with some news of interest to No. 1, I suppose.

There was such a grumbling of where are we? Aren't we in on this? I don't suppose one of us could tell you what was said about our associate squadrons, but it was good to read just precisely what they are up to. It was very unfortunate that we yielded to No. 2 and gave them Johnny Borthwick, one of the smoothest lads to don the gloves of the school, and we hope that he holds on to that little championship too.

Apparently one of the finest officers on the station, F/O Sharp, is after A1 material to uphold the constitution of his squadron and where does he select them from? Yes, from No. 1, and what a band of cut-throats too they were, until we really felt what discipline meant and, incidentally, when speaking of marching as was done in the last edition, have you really looked at No. 1? We are terrible, aren't we. Billy Young is certainly an asset to us, just to see him play hockey, and yet we often wonder just what sort of a game he would play if Blondie were in the bleachers.

I suppose we all know that Dick Street is having a wonderful time at the hospital and has invited a few of the boys to come and play "Measles" to the little soul who has the prettiest blue eyes. Bob White was saying that when they went to operate on him, the doctor informed him he might not recover and then asked if there was anything he could do for him: "Yes," said Bob, "Hand me my hat."

NO. 2 SQUAD

Well, here's that squadron of "aces" back again.

In the winter sports, we were undefeated in basketball and hockey. The last hockey game was defaulted by H.Q. What was the matter, H.Q.? With winter over, we are impatiently waiting for the summer sports to begin.

Another boxing champion has been added to our ranks in the form of LAC Borthwick. This makes a total of three boxing champions for No. 2 Squadron. LACs. Bolton, Borthwick and Presse. But what is the use of talking about being undefeated - - there is no fun or excitement in that. For some sport, who had been planning on taking a couple of the class seniors into a dark corner and teach them the art of self-defence. We were immediately given specific orders that this was never to happen. This meant that we were not to have any fun at all except our bi-monthly inebriations.

Since you can see our plight, how about your other squadrons taking the lead out of your pants and donating it to Canada's War Effort, and giving our squadron more competition?

The reports from our studies are just as admirable as from our sports.

An anonymous note from a fellow in our squadron:

"Dear Abe:
"I have heard you mentioning that our squadron had no competition in sports. You will remember some time ago that Sgt. MacIlwain said we were no longer schoolboys, but killers. That is why headquarters probably did not play their hockey game and why we have no competition.

"A Comrade"

NO. 3 SQUAD

No. 3 Squadron says good-bye to O.C. Flt./Lt. Keye who has left the station. Hello F/O. Pettis. We greet you as our new squadron commander and we all look forward to a pleasant association with you.

Although Bob Parker was a little soused the other night and was making love to the boxing champ. Ross how many of the champ's friends know that he was terrified by Chas. Greenham in the radio room on Monday past.

To the so called airman who threw the beer bottle down the hall the other night, remember that this song "There'll always be an England" doesn't only apply to you. With all the new Sgts around one hates to get caught with his hands in his pocket or blaspheming a certain N. C.O.

Gin Johnston is still holding down the social set in Guelph. Call up 2842, ask for Jeannie with the light brown hair. Question: "Does married life pay?" Ask Woodham, who just got hitched.

Although B flight has had top honors in most everything, A flight holds the record for A.W.L.'s and three are remustering to S.P.'s they've been in the guard house so long. "Person to person call," please Jack won't you marry the girl.

If Red Class Sr. is listening, then explain whether its Mary that makes you so peppy or is it the Co-operation of "C" flight.

John Worrywart Murray is misplacing his belongings as usual. What he needs is a Bag.

To the Class Sr. who owns the automobile, it's your privilege to drink, but why keep the camp awake eight nights a week with your yelling and burping.

The Marriage Bug has hit this flight personally, I think it's the 48' that the fella want just to take the wife as a component part.

Guess this is all, Murphy is heading my way and has that gleam in his eye, hope to see ya soon, so long peoples.

NO. 4 SQUAD

Here you are, boys, with a little news about the "cocky" 37th. Our aim is to be the smartest drilled squadron on the station, so if you see a smart bunch of airmen on parade, you will know it must be the 37th.

One and all we salute and welcome F/O Carrie as our O.C. We are fortunate in having such a fine gentleman as our leader and his record with the 23rd entry speaks for itself.

"C" Flight, or the "Glamour Flight" as some fellows call them, won the Squadron Drill Competition. Congratulations, fellows!

Two of our popular young lads in "A" Flight, Archie Reed and Ivan Elder, joined the ranks of the Benedicts recently. We wonder why they go to bed so early after the week-end.

"Romeo" (Stan) Walker, Stew Pink and Al Harrison have one favourite theme lately. Can anyone tell them how to get to Aylmer? Larry Henshaw and Hal Ward have finally got down to the finals in the badminton tourney and, by the next issue of "Sparks," we will be able to give you the name of our squadron champion.

In hockey, although we were not so fortunate in a winning way, we gave all teams a tough battle and had a lot of good sport while doing so.

In the last issue of the "Sparks", No. 2 Squadron laid claims to the honour of being the smartest squadron on the station. We of No. 4 also claim that title and by this medium we challenge No. 2 Squadron to drill competition at any time. Is it a deal, No. 2?

Our boys are all doing well in their studies and we are all striving to make Class 37 the smartest entry to graduate from No. 4 Wireless School.

We wind up our news for the month, lads, and, as Flt./Sgt. Logan says, in his Scotch twang: "Don't forget your "air-cuts."

SPRING CARNIVAL

For airmen only—On April 15th the Sancousy Club of the Y.W.C.A., is sponsoring a spring carnival. This includes dancing all evening and refreshments.

One hundred and fifty girls, the pick of Guelph's female pulchritude, will be on hand to act as hostesses.

There will also be a super floor show featuring a good bit of local talent. Topping the entertainment will be the Wireless School star, L.A.C. Al Day, M.E. (Master Entertainer) who made quite a hit

recently at a local show.

Besides the dancing, the carnival will consist of fortune telling booths and assorted games of chance and skill, too numerous to mention.

Weeks of preparation are going into making this a huge success—and for airmen only—admission is by ticket only and there are only 150 tickets available. So hurry down to the Can. Legion office and get your ticket now—10 cents each.

Time: 8.30; Place: Y.W.C.A.; Date: Wednesday, April 15.

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SQUADRON CHATTER

(CONTINUED)

NO. 6 SQUAD

Was it Little Boy Blue, or Champ Leclerc who told a newly decorated corporal: "I've had more days C.B. than you've had in the service."

After you've congratulated G. L. Rowe on his recent marriage, take time to shake hands with "Pop" Nichol. At least he'll become a poppa and a sergeant about the same time.

A lotta Wags - nice fellas too - seem to be toying with that "I do" idea for embarkation leave. What else would warrant Len's weekly phone calls to Montreal - and Reynolds frequent visits to Windsor.

No. 6 Squadron pictures are in homes from coast to coast. And mothers proudly say: "The big Corporal? That's Timber, he's just like a brother to my Jimmie and his pals."

Murray Johnstone's partner, kinda made him blush Saturday night when she said "Gosh fella, you're light on my feet."

And Vic and Patt, the skating duet, worried silly because their girl friends have grown up - - they are both over fourteen now.

Haliburton Holly anticipates a dry leave, if any. It seems his mother writes that she invested \$50.00 of his savings in Canada's Victory loan.

Win a cash prize! Finish this sentence in 25 words or less. I like No. 4 Wireless Coffee because: - -

Air Ops for the fighting 29th. We're just dying to see Tommy Walker and Herman Roy in those flying clothes!

Number six squadron will soon bid adieu to No. 4 Wireless. The question arises, "How long until an equally progressive entry arrives?" Well, let's see, it's early in December that the 59th comes in, isn't it?

No denying it though, we'll miss it. We mean bingo on Monday night; shows Tuesday and Friday; Open House on Sunday and, of course, the inevitable 'ten push ups' during mental relaxation periods.

Be sure to see our farewell observations, and air ops experiences in the next edition. It should be good.



CHEE! STRIPES TOO!

Above cartoon contributed by "Loucheed" of No. 4 W.S.F.S., at Burch.

Hospital Chats

As much as we enjoy having notables with us at our hospital, we are glad that their stays were short. Amongst them were:

Commanding Officer W/C. A. H. Keith Russell, F/Lt. Branion, F/Lt. Caveney, and last but not least, W. O. 1 Adams.

* * *

Not a day passes by without we have to praise the weaker sex. The nursing orderlies of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) has won the respect of all connected with the hospital in the efficient way they have been looking after their patients. Their nursing procedure has to be commented on.

* * *

Our friend and colleague F/O Gibson has been promoted to Flight Lieutenant, and with all due respects, he deserves it. A more sympathetic and understanding man has yet to be found.

* * *

On different occasions a few unpolite remarks have been said about the nursing orderlies on this station. These men work hard. There job is never done. Where most of you are finished at six o'clock in the evening, these forgotten men who have been working all day, work right through until the small hours of the morning.

Respect must be shown to S/L Kreiner on the efficient way he runs the station hospital, and the Hospital at Burch.

When this jovial and understanding officer was in the R.C.A.M.C., he held the rank of Captain, and those of us that knew him, nicknamed him "Cappy." When S/L Kreiner reaches the peak of his promotions, which we hope will be the highest, to we few that knew him in the old days in khaki, he will always be "Cappy Kreiner."

* * *

Respect must also be shown to Miss N. Hamilton of the hospital administrative staff. A more efficient stenographer would be very hard to find.

A Letter to the Editor

Saturday, Mar. 14, 1942

Dear Hy:

Would you kindly put my name on your mailing list for your future editions of "Sparks." One of the school's L.A.C.'s dropped a copy into the office the other day and I found it very interesting and particularly good, especially for the first edition. I'm sure the activities at the school are of interest to readers of The Evening Telegram.

Yours very truly,

Jim Loveys

Aviation Editor
Evening Telegram, Toronto

Cpl. Hall—Where is the balance of your rifle?

C. Atherton—This is all they gave me."

Advice to the Lovelost

by

MISS DOROTHY HIX

Dear Miss Hix:

I am writing to you as a last resort, and if you cannot solve this problem, I will lose faith in humanity and give up readin' love stories.

There is a problem which I am facing, which bothers me a lot. For the last week I have been having indigestion, 'cause I am a victim of circumstances. I am in love, but with two men. The trouble is, can you tell me which one I should get hitch-d to.

One of them is a handsome young airman, whom is in love with yers truly, but he earns very little money.

The next one, is a widower, he is 33 years young, and is in very fine condishum. He can still wolk to the square without his cane, but he is worth oodles of money. He says I'm an eye-ful and wants to marry me.

Which one do you think is the right one for me?

A.W.2 Pettigrew

Dear Miss Pettigrew:

By all means marry the young airman. He is your true love. The second man is definitely not your type.

Miss Dorothy Hix

P.S.—If it is not too much trouble, please mail me the old gent's address.

* * *

Dear Miss Dorothy Hix:

I am an L.A.C. without the slightest authority. I'm kinda small guy and mean no one no harm.

The other day a certain sergeant put me an' some friends of mine on the peg for sleeping in late in the morning.

I know I was guilty but as he is biggern'me, I can't call him a * * *.

Please tell me how I can go about it in the proper manner?

L.A.C. MacWair.

Dear L.A.C. MacWair:

There is no way of telling the sergeant off, he of course was doing his duty—but if your conscience is bothering you, mail him a copy of the cartoon on this page.

Miss Dorothy Hix

* * *

Dear Miss Hix:

I yam riting you, as my mudder

tole me you knew a lotta things n'ansers n'stuff.

I have been going to No. 4 Wireless School for almost 7 months and I yam hard at work training to be a wag.

Me marks, I admits, could be a little better; one of the instructors started to ask me questions they musta thought I was very smart to ask me—This instructor was a corporal, and he said I was priceless, so I guess I must be a smart feller, alright.

Even the boys in my room tell me I'm gonna get a comishin. I'm takin things easy now, since yesterday, when I got 100 in Morse, which is good. (Ed's note, on re-check, 100 mistakes). I think they want to surprise me with that comishin I'm so smart, I even stopped going to classes. They have, on me name, L.A.C. Higgenbum, Commission Training, only they abbreviate it on he notice board. It reads L.A.C. Higgenbum, C.T.

Yours

L.A.C. Higgenbum

(almost pilot officer)

Dear L.A.C. Higgenbum:

I'll bet they're relieved at seeing you raised to — C.T.

Miss Dorothy Hix

* * *

Dear Miss Hix:

I am a lonely airman. I noticed a lot of C.W.A.A.F.S. on the station, and I would like to be introduced to some of them, can you tell me how to go about it.

L.A.C. White

Dear L.A.C. White:

Your prayers have been answered. A dance will be held next month called the "Introduction Dance". A brilliant new scheme has been devised, whereby they guarantee to fill your little black book with names and phone numbers.

Miss D. Hix

[Ed's note—If there are any problems troubling you, don't hesitate to write to our "Lovelost" column. Miss Hix is an authority on the subject. Right or wrong, she's always right.]

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DWUBLE-YEW-DEES

FIRE DRILL

I bought a wooden whistle
 But the little wooden whistle "wood-
 en" whistle.
 So I bought a steel whistle,
 But it "steel wooden" whistle.
 So I bought a tin whistle . . .
 And now I "tin" whistle.

It was a tin whistle sounding
 (very weakly) 4 shorts and 1 long
 that was the fire signal for a surprise
 drill at Cutten Fields one Monday
 night. There was no sign of uni-
 formity on that parade! As the
 lights were snapped on in the bar-
 rack rooms, and orders shouted by
 the N.C.O.'s, the airwomen leaped,
 jumped and sprang from their bunks.
 Surprised, dismayed, bewildered and,
 yes, frightened expressions were on
 all their faces. They threw on their
 greatcoats and pulled on galoshes
 and made for the exits. Two more
 practical misses appeared outside
 with both arms full of their worldly
 goods; another two made the trip
 in bare feet.

A full moon would have shown a
 weird and strange sight as the air-
 women were called into flight forma-
 tion. Gone was the usual regim-
 ented uniforms of Air Force blue.
 The feminine touches still hold forth.
 Frills, furbelows, flowers and stripes,
 pink, blue, yellow and every other
 color provided variety - - and in-
 dividuality. Faces shone with cold
 cream and lotions, hair neater than
 ever was confined in tight curls and
 protecting nets. Girls will always be
 girls (in spite of regulations).

And they made a good show,
 what's more, in this surprise drill
 and cleared the barracks in record
 time. They won't be caught napping
 if ever the alarm means real
 business.

And when it was all over and
 peace and quietness reigned once
 more, one small voice piped up
 "Let's do it again!" And the weary
 N.C.O.'s replied: "Yes, but not to-
 night."

P. T.

I think that I shall never see
 A thing as feeble as P.T.
 On dirty floors our mouths are
 pressed
 While we do all our jerks with zest.
 It makes you feel like hell next day,
 For graceful curves we have to pay.
 P.T. that does our tempers wear,
 For it, and grit gets in our hair.
 Boys, do you have resulting pain
 From efforts for your health to gain?
 P.T. is done by fools like me -
 Because it is compulsory!

THINGS THE R.C.A.F. (W.D.) ENJOY AT NO. 4 WIRELESS SCHOOL

- Beans for breakfast
- P.T.
- Beef
- Airmen in Fatigue Clothes
- Station dances
- Beef
- Tin cups
- Fire drill
- Galoshes
- Beef
- New spring styles
- Upper bunks
- Bath parade
- Beef
- Saluting
- The hike to breakfast
- Rain
- Beef

How did poor old Bourque die?
 'E fell through some scaffolding.
 What ever was 'e doni' up there?
 Being 'anged.

Freddy Morris are you sure it is
 me you are in love with, and not
 my clothes?
 Test me darling.

W. Harris' honeymoon was over
 when he told his wife not to skid,
 as it would hurt the tires.

KEEP THEM FLYING HIGH

Written by a young girl and dedicated to her brother Sgt. John
 L. Lappin, a W.A.G., who was reported missing, overseas.

*They're brave and young, these boys of ours
 With laughter in their eyes
 And they smile as they count the hours
 'Til they take to the channel skies.*

*Their fathers fought on Flander's field
 Their fate is in the blue
 And many, they will have to yield
 While still their wings are new.*

*All this they know, and even more
 For they've watched their comrades die
 And we at home to God implore
 To keep them flying high.*

*Keep their hearts so brave, so young
 No matter where they roam
 And Lord, when'er Thy will be done
 Please guide them safely home.*

Adele Lappin,
 Guelph

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3-3-42

Flying Officer Gilmore,
No. 4 Wireless School,
Guelph.

Dear Sir:

Time flies quickly, so quickly in fact that these two weeks have gone before I have had time to realize it. Well, in the first place, all of us are enjoying good health despite the cold weather that we experienced for the first week. The night we arrived the temperature was down to 26° below. A few frozen ears were noticeable next day. However, the last three or four days have been glorious and so we have been making the most of them by getting in as much flying as possible. The Fairey Battles are a grand job to fly in; we keep the bomb hatch open and consequently we are quite warm upstairs.

When the weather is good, they really keep one moving here as regards the flying. The course is by no means a walk-over, but if one really settles down to work right from the start, the results prove the wisdom of so doing.

The instructors seem quite pleased with the results of our classes. So far they have not found it necessary to have any compulsory night classes which, I think, is a fair indication of how the boys are working. Nearly every night most of us go back for an hour or two of voluntary work on the guns, or the morse. Usually the day's programme includes one period of morse but that is hardly sufficient to keep up the speed.

We soon learned the various ins and outs of the Vickers G.O. gun but had to spend a good deal more time on the Browning, but once that period of time was over we really knew the job pretty well. Personally,



I don't think that the Browning is as difficult to learn as we have been led to believe. It is more a matter of application of mechanical common sense. Of course, one has the time well occupied in learning the names of the various parts of both guns. The instructors mark the progress exams very hard too, so that it is no use only half learning the subject.

Aircraft recognition is particularly stressed here; we have to know 72 aircraft in all. The first examination in this subject is considered to be just as important as any other subject. The method of examination is to flash the silhouette of an aircraft on the screen for 15 seconds. During that time we must recognize it and write down its name. This is done with 25 aircraft. After that we must go back and fill in the wing spans of each aircraft, to which country it belongs and the purpose that the aircraft is used for. So my advice to trainees is, get as much knowledge of all the well-known aircraft of Britain, Germany and Italy as possible; it will be time well spent, because as I have mentioned before, the final 25 aircraft are picked from 72 and you really have to know them.

Sighting is an important subject but we are fairly well up on that, thanks to the instruction received at Guelph.

Most of the boys are hitting the drogue but I fully realize now why high percentages are not very com-

mon. One of my flights I had 24% hits, another time 12% and on another, no score, so I guess the game is not all beer and skittles.

We have been rather fortunate in receiving quite a batch of Australian mail. This always bucks us up quite a bit. Judging from reports, they have had it very warm at home for Christmas. I believe that on Christmas and Boxing Day the mercury was up to the 110° mark. Phew! quite warm, don't you think?

Labour is a major problem for the farmers over there; of course, you understand I came from the farm myself. So that the girls have had to take on jobs which were quite heavy for us men. Well, I really admire their courage.

In one letter that I received, the writer asked me to send a picture of myself and implored that it must be taken in some snow. The latter point was particularly emphasized as they thought it may make them feel a little cooler to see it.

Well! Next Friday we have our final morse test, next Monday the final armament examination and then, the great unknown. For my final leave I intend to visit Guelph, en route for Halifax, so possibly I may see you then.

I must bring this to a close now, so with best wishes to all at Guelph, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
LAC Leonard Pietsch

Mountain View, Ont.,
February 25, 1942

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a snap of all the French Canadian boys who were in your gang. Here, we are the only bunch of W.A.G.s with a couple of straight A.G.s in our class and several observers who also are training here.

We have very comfortable barracks and good meals. I think I can say that all the boys are very satisfied at having been sent here and are enjoying themselves. They are strong on aircraft identification and that, along with the Browning, are the two most difficult subjects.

I was up the day before yesterday with the camera gun and I was sick as hell. Boy, do they ever give you the works! We had a day off yesterday and we get another one before we leave here. It gives the Montreal boys a chance to get home. It's the same old story about Morse, all the practice we get is on our own.

So long for now,

Yours sincerely,
L.A.C. J. Victor Valiquet

AHEM !

"ZZ"—approach route covered by an airman between the King Eddy and St. George's Square.

"Zero Beat"—that distance covered by the defaulters pinch-hitting for Security Guards one weekend.

"Deflection"—the distance between H. L. Sisson and Cpl. P - - - when the former isn't wearing an issue collar pin.

"Cone of fire"—one match surrounded by eleven Wags. Usually in the door of the mess hall when the rush is on.

"Gravitydrop"—is what happens when a corporal gets too close to an open bottle.

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CANADIAN LEGIONEWS

Many thanks to "Sparks" for the kind remarks about Canadian Legion War Services in your first issue. May we, in turn, congratulate you on a very fine edition and hope that you will meet with continued success.

Yes, sometimes we are nearly driven screwy with some of the requests and demands we receive but, seriously, the Canadian Legion War Services are on this station for the express purpose of giving service to all Airmen, Airwomen and Officers too, if they wish it - and anything we can do in this connection will be done, if it is at all possible. If there are any improvements or suggestions you can offer to extend or enlarge our activities, we shall be most happy to receive them.

May we at this time say a few words about our Library. As you all know, it isn't as large yet as we would like it to be and although all our books aren't "Book-of-the-Month" selections, still, such books are slowly being accumulated and before long we expect to have as

LET'S ALL PULL TO-GETHER

(Continued from Page Two)

are not true patriots and have not the true spirit of service, their only interest is personal, therefore, they should have little consideration. I am sure that the fighters of England, China, Russia and the brave men along with General MacArthur are not arguing whether they will serve as required.

In conclusion, the instructional staff, at No. 4 Wireless School have volunteered for active service but we have been denied this honour, our only satisfaction now is to train and graduate the best Wireless Operators (Air Gunner) in Canada, and this we intend to do. Our graduates are an inspiration and example to any red-blooded man. Give us the chance to train you like we have trained them.

fine a library as will be found on any station. HOWEVER, there are a great many of our books outstanding so, before closing, may we suggest that each and every Airman and Airwoman check up in their rooms and unearth that book you've been meaning to bring back for so long. Thanks!

BALL 'O FIRE

Intro:

There are occasions when a man must come out from the corner with both guns blazing, - - hence the column "Ball O' Fire!"

Fidelis usque ad mortem: Faithful even to death. A short time ago, this Airman was stopped on the main street of Guelph and kindly asked by a gracious old lady, why so many of our nice looking Air Force boys fail to salute the War Memorial in this town. If there is an excuse for this behaviour, it's because we are so modern we have no manners. It costs nothing to be polite, and this memorial has been erected to the memory of men who in many instances ate together, slept together, shared the same mud-hole on a crater of Hell at Vimy Ridge, Ypres, Canal du Nord and many other historic battles. Comrades all, more often than not they were buried in the same grave. Even "Gunga Din," the lowest paid man in the British Army, the Sepoy water carrier was accorded the highest tribute to man by a blasting Cockney sergeant when he said:

"Tho I've belted you and flayed

you by the living Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am
Gungo Din."

And so gentlemen of the R.C.A.F., Guelph. The outward appearances of a few slabs of stone cemented together means nothing, but the memory does. The memory of those Gunga Dins who for all their vices and virtues acquitted themselves like real men and said, "They shall not pass."

When the Hon. Winston Churchill addresses the men of the Air Force as "gentlemen," he assumes we have manners. For it's manners that make the man. Clothes only add to the appearance, regardless of whether it be an Air Force uniform or any other sort of uniform. So, what about it Chaps. Let's give a old comrade - - an old soldier his due. Don't let it be said of this generation that we are so selfish, we can't even respect the dead. Let's give those grinning, mud-stained "Gunga-Dins" a salute like a well-meant hand-shake while their souls go marching on and at the same time gladden the heart of at least one old lady who may have lost a son in the world conflict of 1914-18.

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ADMINISTRATION Operational Experiences of a W. A. G.

by CPL. E. L. TREASURE

Here we are again, men. Gone is the field of silvery newness on this topic. Something fresh has to be said. The entries and squadrons change; the instructors and staff remain. We did have some new men arrive on staff in the last month. They are AC. Hardy, AC. Estabrook, two armourers from R.C.A.F. station, Mountainview, Ont.; Cpl. Nichols, accountant from Toronto, Ont.; Cpl. Wilmot, Cpl. Webber, two more accountants from Borden and Trenton.

Cpl. McKnight has a new trade, that of postal clerk. AC. Bracey has arrived from Yarmouth, N.S., as a guard; Sgt. Perin from Fingal, Ont. to carry on his trade of Armourer; as has Sgt. Brooks from Mountainview. AC. Kelly came from good OI' No. 1 WS. at Montreal. He's a WOG. Have you met Sgt. Mabee or AC. Wilcox lately? Ask them about No. 1 "M" - - watch the reaction.

LAC. Drew came from out west recently. He also has definite opinions about relative merits and all that sort of thing. F/Sgt. Murphy from Lachine is adding his disciplinary talents to steadily increasing No. 4 WS. proficiency. For tales of Atlantic seaboard life, see AC. 2 Berlin just in from N.S. Another middle west posting is LAC. Wallace. Your trade sure comes in use this kind of weather, blustery, rainy and even sunny at times, doesn't it "Wally?"

Cpl. Jack Biggar is back on the station after having obtained - - no, we won't say "obtained," "earned" would be more fitting - - his paired chevrons. Cpl. Allen, another

discip. came in with Jack. Pretty good station, eh, "IMA?" We think so. New men, AC's Caron, Duke and Hannah can tote anything from a truck to a station wagon along highways and byways of this Southern Ontario. You're in with a good bunch, lads. Keep up the traditions of Sgt. Thompson, Cpl. Hay and staff. You'll go a long way to becoming good triple "M.T.s." We are not kidding.

Sculthorpe, posted from St. Lawrence River way, is a new man noticed on HQ's parades recently. Cpl. Shaw, another Borden lad, seems to like the station. No sooner does our friend LAC Lidster get on the station than he takes leave. Make sure, AML, old boy, that you take care of yourself on leave to guarantee your not wandering back to your former station, forgetting that in the interim you had been posted to some place near the Speed River Rapids and that you spent some time there. The same idea is expressed if you got up at reveille, not realizing that you had ceased your trainee days and in your capacity as Fire Fighter that you just quit work at 0400 hours.

Cpl. St. Georges likes mushrooms and steak; can one blame him for holding this sympathy? He also likes Montreal.

This is our second column. A month has passed since the last, and it is our hope that as such it can be placed on an up-graph of reader interest.

Be a'writing you one month hence, and as a closing toast: Here's to spring and all its connotations!

RADIO MECHANICS

Those men with the worried looks are the radio techs. Cause—the bar exam. Viewpoints are many and varied. Says big George Hellurud: "I shouldn't do too much work—I'll get brain fag." Says Cpl. Harry McKnight: "Aw waddo I care." Says Prof. Blackwood: "Anybody can get this, even you, Park." Question—Will Bartram or Ramsay get the 100 per cent."

Houston arrived with a trumpet on Monday and after hearing his rendition of Sugar Blues, it is rumored that the C.O. will have him awakened at 5.30 every a.m. for the privilege of blowing reveille. Cpl. Biggar doesn't need to wake up the duty flight boys in room 123 any more. Dundas will just fall out of the top bunk at any given hour. He tried it on Tuesday nite and bounced once or twice, waking up everybody except Goodmanson, who needs at least one blast of dynamite to get him rolling.

Between Houston, Alpeter and a few more lads, the techs should be

hearing a little jumping jive one of these nights. Talking about jive, there will shortly be a vote as to whether Argent, Mole or MacKenzie have the snappiest headgear.

Richardson has a new way to exist between paydays. For a small fee he turns public stenographer and Admiral MacDougal entertains with a hot hornpipe to typewriter rhythm. Anyway, when gas rationing comes in, Dean Smith has a horse to tow Charlie's station-wagon.

The best way to get one of those long-range shaves in the washroom is to have either a telescope or do it with a reflecting mirror system. I think Ancastor must use a periscope. Of course Robichaud is in the same class. When he wears that raincoat it looks like a motorized tepee.

They tell me the Toronto-Guelph bus broke down on Sunday nite and Ridley and killer-diller Judd pushed same three miles into Guelph with the aid of Singing Sam. Well, I only heard.

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

This is the second 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.

While on patrol of the North Sea, the formation of aircraft, of which I was in the leading aircraft, was called upon to attack motor torpedo boats and other shipping. This we did, but in the encounter, were seriously damaged.

Patrol tanks were badly holed and one engine was partly disabled. On checking petrol gauges, we, to our discomfort, found that we had only enough petrol to enable us to just about reach the nearest aerodrome, and safety. To make matters worse, we had to contend with a half gale which was doing everything but assist us. Fortunately, it turned out to be a side and not a head wind, but even that was bad enough, and was causing us to drift badly.

I contacted the D/F and asked them to give me magnetic course to steer to reach them, and I realized that I had to do some very fast operating. To enable me to get as many bearings as I could in the shortest possible time so that I would not drift too far between the time of requesting the bearings and receiving, I am correct in saying that we were working W/T at a speed of 22-25 W.P.M. throughout the whole

proceedings, and through efficient operating, we arrived back safely.

On landing, we were taxiing the aircraft across to the dispersal point, but we only managed to get about half-way across the drome, when we ran out of petrol completely. We landed with about five minutes to spare, but I could have been still fiddling around trying to obtain bearings, and the result would have been that the aircraft and crew would have been lost, not because of bad luck, but entirely due to inefficient operating or the stupid thought that I was a good man because I could receive and send Morse to enable to get me out of the Wireless School, and, also the instructors were nothing but a bunch of fools for trying and expecting me to receive and send Morse above the minimum required speed.

If a member of the crew whose duty it is to handle wireless, and is of the same opinion as a stupid operator mentioned above, than he should commit suicide before he goes on operational duty, and in doing so, he will save the lives of the rest of the crew, and his country, the loss of an aircraft.

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BOXING TOURNAMENT HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL

A real bang-up boxing card on March 30, held the huge audience on their toes from the clang of the first bell until the final match. It was not uncommon to see the competitors drop all science at times and whale into each other in a real slugfest.

Our hats go off to scrappy little Leclerc of H.Q. Squadron who, after a tough battle with L.A.C. Hamilton, managed to get the decision and came back for the second time that night to wrest L.A.C. Boulton's crown in an uncomfortably close fight. Leclerc really showed signs of wear when he entered the ring for the final match.

Flashy Boulton had him very puzzled in the first round and Leclerc had to submit to a blitz of blows. Nevertheless, the plucky lad made a terrific come-back against his 10-pound heavier opponent and a battle royal ensued. It was a split decision between the judges, but the third man in the ring awarded the fight to Leclerc. The audience voiced its disapproval over the choice and all are looking forward to a return bout in the future.

L.A.C. Ross retained his heavyweight title when he met L.A.C. Howson for the second time and proved his superiority over his plucky opponent. Howson felt every ounce of Ross's weight and was fairly badly cut in the first two rounds of the bout. Howson was bleeding freely and the audience yelled for the fight to stop, but Howson would have nothing to do with that. He came back in the third and put up a real fine showing, which was nothing short of miraculous, but his rally was not enough to sway the tide and Ross won a well-earned fight.

L.A.C. Borthwick twice winner of the light heavyweight title, continued as station champion when he won his bout by default. The audience regretted to miss the bout, which promised to be a humdinger.

The disappointment of the evening was the Parker vs. Presse battle. Parker had the advantage of the

situation from the first exchange of blows, when he thoroughly trounced his opponent. The battle was finally stopped in the third round, with the referee awarding the fight to Parker on a T.K.O. . . . After both boxers had left the ring they were recalled with the announcement that the judges had taken the fight away from Parker due to a foul.

The featherweight title was at stake when Dube and Williams went at it hammer and tongs for their three-round melee. Dube finally emerged victor of the scrap.

The only unquestionable fight of the evening, was the two-round T.K.O. scored by Hood over Boasho. Hood showed his ringcraftsmanship when he cut Boasho down with a wicked left, that even made the audience grunt. The referee finally stopped the fight in the second round.

The laugh of the evening was supplied by Burwell when he clown-ed his way to the 160-lb. championship. Young must be complimented on the way he blocked Burwell's punches, but he did not start on the offensive soon enough to win the decision. Burwell tried hard enough to make the audience laugh, by slipping off his stool and enacting pantomime of the burlesque era. The audience had the impression that Burwell made Young laugh so much that it was impossible for him to fight back.

The referee was Sgt. Desjardins. The announcer, Sgt. MacIlwain. The timekeepers were W.O.1 Adams and W.O. 2 Todd. The seconds were W. O.1 Savage and F/S Adams. F/O Sharp was in charge of the evening.

**Winners of Boxing Tournament
March 30, 1942**

- 115 lbs. Dube, No. 1 Sqdn.
- 140 lbs. Presse, No. 2 Sqdn.
- 155 lbs. Leclerc, H.Q. Sqdn.
- 160 lbs. Hood, No. 4 Sqdn.
- 165 lbs. Burwell, No. 4 Sqdn.
- Light Heavyweight, Borthwick, No. 2 Sqdn.
- Heavyweight, Ross, No. 3 Sqdn.

The presentation will be made in the near future.

No. 2 Squadron Wins Championship

No. 2 Squadron were winners of this season's athletic shield, totalling up more points than any other Squadron.

They won the hockey championship, came second in the swimming meet, did well on basketball floor; ample boxing championships, and were well represented on the station hockey and bowling teams. Good luck No. 2.

L.A.C. Borthwick Wins C.O.'s Trophy for Best All Round Athlete

When it was announced that L.A.C. Borthwick had won the Commanding Officer's award for being the best all round athlete on the Station, no one was surprised.

Brantford's gift to No. 4 Wireless School is an exceptionally fine athlete. He won the light-heavyweight boxing championship of the Station three times. He was also captain of the Station hockey team, and was a mainstay himself on the front line-up.

NO. 3 SQUADRON WIN CLOSELY CONTESTED SWIMMING MEET

by L.A.C. CARL BARTON

In our fine pool, located in the gymnasium, was held a marvellous exhibition and extremely closely contested swimming competition, of which No. 3 Squadron was the eventual winners. Closely following on their heels and running a close second was No. 2 Squadron. The enthusiasm and competitive keenness of the entrants was such that the spectators who were fortunate enough to be on hand, went away completely satisfied that their representatives had given their utmost to make the event a huge success.

The competition began with the free style race in which there were eight entrants and was run off in three consecutive heats. In the first heat L.A.C. Wilson was the victor; the second was a dead heat between L.A.C. Caroll of No. 4 Squad and L.A.C. Oliver of No. 3. L.A.C. Bland won the third heat. Then Wilson and Carroll raced and Carroll eked out a close victory and Oliver defeated Bland. Finally L.A.C.'s Oliver and Carroll raced for the free style championship and Oliver flashed over the two lengths to a fine finish, to win in 17.5 seconds.

The breast stroke heats were run off next. L.A.C. Battae being the winner of the first and L.A.C. Beswick of the second. Then these two worthy contenders raced for the championship which was won by L.A.C. Beswick in 24 seconds.

In the back stroke meet, L.A.C. Ramsay defeated Brown in the first heat and then defeated Walters in the final heat to become back stroke champion in the time of 24.5 seconds.

The entries in the diving competition were L.A.C.s Wilson, Street, Richer, Carroll and Wilke, and consisted of the header, swan, jack knife and one voluntary dive. The diving championship was keenly contested for, especially in the voluntary dives, where some very intricate ones were performed. L.A.C. Street was the winner with a total of sixteen points. L.A.C. Wilke was second with fourteen points and L.A.C. Wilson a close third with thirteen.

The final contest of the evening was the relay race in which one, two, three and four squadrons were represented. Fraser, Beswick and Brown raced for No. 1; Watson, Battae and Bland for No. 2. Ramsay, Wilson and Oliver for No. 3 and Carroll and Wilke for No. 4. No. 3 and 4 Squadrons raced the first heat and No. 3 was the winner. No.

SEEN 'N' HEARD

(Continued from Page Five)

ber of "SPARKS" told where our Adjutant was educated and one enterprising soul found this picture in an old snapshot album. How about reproducing it in a future issue of this paper? Good luck and best wishes to Flight Lieutenant Morton, who left us recently. How the boys will miss his popular lectures! What will Flying Officer Crichton do once he has all the beds shifted from one room to another in the Administration Building? HAS ANYBODY SEEN A FLASHLIGHT? "O.O." Now that Kitchener is on Daylight Saving Time shouldn't that bring back Flying Officer Morrison from the "trail of the Conestoga" earlier than hitherto? Yes! An Air Force Station might get along without aircraft and an Orderly Room without K R (Air) but what would Miss Hanna do in an Officers' Mess without carrots? Could a map and directions be supplied to those occupants of ground floor rooms in the Administration Building? They should have some assistance in finding their proper offices! Looks as if a chap shouldn't take his annual leave for he finds himself placed on six committees and a couple of Courts-Martial immediately on his return. Was it Flying Officer Carrie who rescued the prize bull from the stables of the O.A.C. on the occasion of the recent fire?

Goodbye S/L. Walmsley

(Continued from Page One)

with the rank of Squadron Leader.

He is happily married and boasts of his baby daughter. He can send and receive morse in the vicinity of 25-30 words per minute.

S/L Walmsley has risen the hard way - - through the ranks, and his position is a rightly deserved one. He encourages the man who tries, but woe betide the malingerer. Yes, S/L Walmsley shoulders a huge responsibility which he ably carries out - - and he is held in the highest esteem and respect by the officers and men of No. 4 Wireless School.

2 was the victor over No. 1 and also was the eventual winner by defeating No. 3 Squadron in a closely contested final.

In charge of proceedings was sports officer F/O Scott, ably assisted by F/O Sharp who acted as starter, W.O.1 Adams who was the timekeeper and Sgt. MacIlwain as diving judge. So just one more word of praise for those boys who were in the competition and showed such keenness and accentuated sportsmanship. And now how about some of you Supermen of No. 4 W.S. whom I frequently see in the pool practising those jack knives, swans, back flips, etc. Why not come out for the next meet and add even more competitive spirit to the evening.

POET'S CORNER

THE HUMBLE MECH.

The Lords of the air they call us,
They speak of our growing fame.
The front page of every paper
Is adorned with the pilot's name.

Connected with deeds of valour,
Performed in every sky,
They're usually Dorniers and Heinkels
Crashing to earth to die.

But there's one chap who gets no medals;
You've never heard of his name,
He doesn't fly in the pale blue sky,
Or pose for the news in a plane.

His job can't be called romantic,
So he's not in the public eye,
But your heroes can't do without him,
And I'll tell you the reason why.

He inspects the ship each morning,
He fills the tanks each night;
The motor he keeps ticking sweetly;
And the spark plugs he keeps tight.

He's up at the break of dawn,
He's there when the twilight fades;
Pulling his weight to keep the crate
Ready to spread the raids.

So next time you see a picture
Of a pilot and smiling crew,
Remember the guy who keeps them aloft,
Though he may be an AC2.

And whenever you praise a pilot,
As the enemy falls a wreck;
Give a thought to the guy you didn't see,
Truly yours, a humble mech.
AC2 Clem Lawrence,

THE W.A.G.

A pilot and observer went for a flip one day,
They didn't take a Wag along, they thought it was O.K.
They ran into a Messerschmit above a German town . . .
They didn't have a Wag along to shoot the nazi down.

The fog was getting thicker and they were off their course,
They wished they had a Wag along to send a little morse.
These guys sure learned a lesson, when they fell into the trap
It takes more than just a pilot and a guy who reads a map.

Here's to the Wags, the best there are, proud sons of No. 4,
With guns and key, to victory . . . the world will watch them soar.

—LAC. Al. Day

NEWS FROM BURTCCH

SECOND DANCE VERY SUCCESSFUL—

Branch 90, Canadian Legion, Entertained at No. 4 Wireless Training School, at Burtch

If you had been around the vicinity of the Canteen at Burtch on the night of March 2nd, 1942, you would have heard the strains of lovely dance music floating over the frosty wintry air. For this was the occasion of the second monthly dance of No. 4 W.S.F.S. Burtch, Ont.

To those of you who missed this affair, I would like to tell you that you certainly missed a wonderful evening. Some enterprising airman called the last dance, "The Compulsory Dance," Not so this one! Everyone was so eager to come, that the ballroom was filled with airmen at 8 o'clock.

For this gala occasion, the ballroom, (our canteen) was done up in its very best. Gaily coloured streamers bedecked the walls, to say nothing of the highly polished floors.

To the 75 girls of the Y.W.C.A. who so graciously favoured us with their presence, we would like to offer a sincere note of thanks for a lovely time.

Speaking of having a good time, Cpl. Quinn, and Cpl. Nisbett were

right up in front, while F/O Conner was right behind them. Nice work, boys. Keep it up.

The music was supplied by our own wurlitzer, the band of No. 5 S.F.T.S. being broken up at the present time. The wurlitzer, which was kept busy all night, brought to us, the latest tunes, and the best orchestras in the country. The rhythm and syncopation suited everyone, and there was music for your own personal taste.

Our sponsor and Master of Ceremonies, Flt. Lt. Richardson was again on hand to supervise things. To the boys of No. 4, I say, "Three cheers for Mr. Richardson."

Towards the end of the evening, coffee and cakes were provided and these were certainly enjoyed by all.

About 12:30 the dance came to an end, much to the disappointment of all concerned.

To the girls of the Y.W.C.A., we of No. 4 W.S.F.S. are looking forward to the next dance which we feel sure is going to be an even greater success than the last one.

Legion Social Night

Twenty members of Branch 90, Canadian Legion, enjoyed a social evening at No. 4 Wireless Training School Flying Squadron, Burtch, Thursday, travelling to the station by bus.

On arrival, the group was welcomed by Flt.-Lieut. G. W. Ritchardson and H. J. Tait, Supervisor of the Canadian Legion War Services.

The highlight of the evening was a game of cribbage, which the airmen won by a score of 21-18. Delicious refreshments were served later in the evening.

A visit was also paid to the Sergeants' Mess, on invitation of Sgt.-Major C. E. McGuire. Comrade Bill Brown extended the thanks of the Legionaires to the sergeants and airmen for their hospitality. Comrade Alf. Wolstencroft also voiced words of appreciation from the visiting group.

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AIN'T IT HELL THO'

If you were asked to nominate
The most abused word today,
With little scratching of the pate
You could make reply and say:
From those who have ears to listen
From those who have tongues to
tell,
One answer would be forthcoming,
The most abused word is HELL.

It is cold as hell,
It is hot as hell;
That's what you hear them say.
It's bright as hell,
It's dark as hell,
And, who the hell's in the way?
It's short as hell,
It's long as hell,
Why the hell do we walk?
It's high as hell,
It's low as hell,
It's a hell of a way to talk!
He's rich as hell,
He's poor as hell,
Who the hell are you knocking?
He's proud as hell,
He'll be damned in hell;
Or something a lot more shocking!
It is black as hell,
It is white as hell,
Or like hell it might be gray.
He's funny as hell,

EXCHANGE PAGE

STUFF 'N' THINGS from Sister Stations

He's as solemn as hell,
And so they continue all day.
It surely is time this little word
Found release from diversified
uses.
Could protesting voices not be heard
Assailing its many abuses?
As a substitute word but equally
clear,
I suggest that they make use of
HADES;
For this has the merit, at least so
we hear,
Of not offending the ladies!
—Erdap
—No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford "Sky-
line"

NO JOKE

'Twas smoke period. The talk, as
usual, turned to the terrible hard-
ships that we are called upon to
endure that Democracy shall not
perish from the earth. We talked of
the tire situation, of gas categories
and counting lumps of sugar. There
were unpaid sergeants there and

men who had been called upon to
shovel snow. The drainage on the
roads around the station was dis-
cussed and the heating plants in the
barracks. We had to get out on the
morning parade in order to get our
pay and there was no ice-cream for
lunch.

Then up spake our R.A.F. flight-
sergeant, a man who had seen some-
thing of how wars are fought and
privations endured in other lands.
"Yes, lads," he said, "this war is
getting beyond a bloody joke. We
should do something about it."—
No. 2 S.F.T.S., Uplands, Ont., "The
Airman."

"WOODBINE WILLIE"

Soldiers of the last war will have
no difficulty recalling the name of
"Woodbine Willie," best-known
Padre of the Imperial Army, who
literally "packed the house" every
time he gave a lecture or organized
a concert.

Today his son, Pat Studdert Ken-
nedy, is a Y.M.C.A. worker among
the troops of the Eastern Command
and is already showing much of his
famous father's ability, concerts and
lectures organized by him being
consistently crowded.

It is expected that Pat Kennedy
will shortly return home to be or-
dained into the ministry, after which
he will return to the army.—T.T.S.,
St. Thomas "Aircraftsman"

LAFF PLEASE!

The wife of an artillery sergeant
went out shopping one day, leaving
her husband in the armchair before
a large fire in the stove, his pipe
going well and the cat purring on
his knees.

Presently he fell asleep and the
pipe dropped out of his mouth,
setting fire to the rug. When the
wife returned the room was filled
with smoke.

"FIRE," she shouted, and the
sergeant awoke, thrust the cat in
the oven, slammed the iron door
with a clang, and replied:

"Number one gun ready, Sir."
—Alliford Bay, B.C., "Victory"

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