

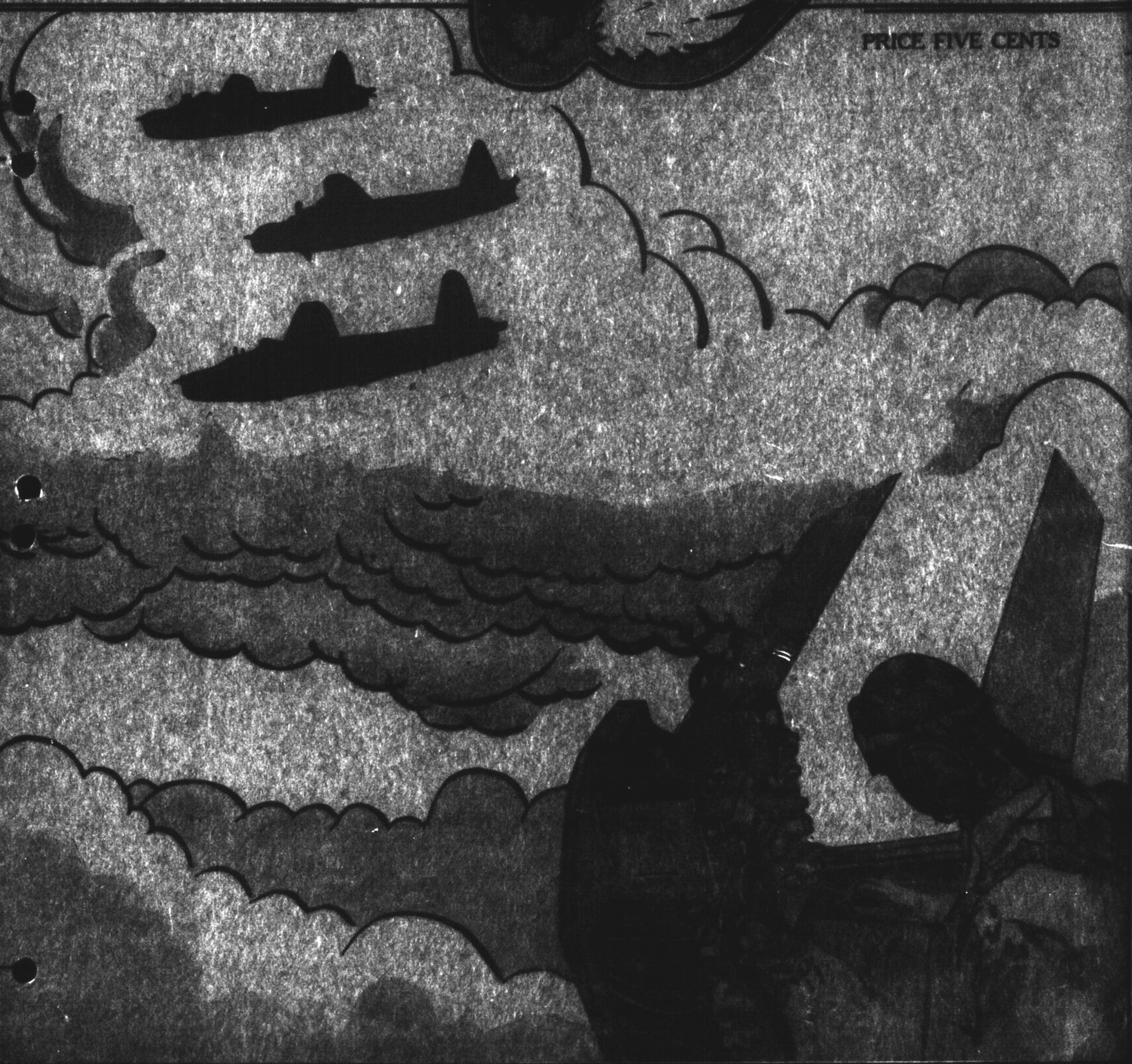
VOL. 1, NO. 7

SEPTEMBER 1942

Sparks

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VOL. I GUELPH, SEPTEMBER, 1942 No. 7

AFTER THREE YEARS OF WAR

Since our last issue of Sparks, we have passed into the 4th year of this ever-spreading war, a war which by all portents will go on for a long time yet and of which no end is in sight. Dieppe, Stalingrad, and the aerial assaults of Germany are the latest in the outstanding sign posts of the war to come.

These sign posts all point to a long and bitter struggle without mercy and without let-up. We must all bear down on the job at hand. Our particular job on this Station is to turn out better and better wireless operators, air, and better radio mechanics and (W.D.) cooks. The better our products are, the more they know of their jobs when they leave here on graduation, the shorter this war will be, and the more sure of victory for the United Nations and for Canada.

Often our staff in Headquarters gets fed up or "browned off" at the endless routine of instruction without let-up and with no relieving feature of excitement or change. Our W.A.G.'s as each squadron commences its course look ahead seven months to graduation, and the training time to come looks interminable. To all these one can say that only "by toil and tears, blood and sweat" is this war to be won. If we have not got the determination, we will be left as their slaves. This country and its people have the greatest things in the world to fight for—liberty of worship, press and religion. If we don't fight for them we will not have them long, and only if we have lost them would we fully appreciate that a little more effort, a little more stubborn determination to put everything into the struggle would have preserved them for us and Canada.

So let us wake up now. Get rough, tough and nasty; put on the hob nailed boots and the brass knuckles and give Hitler and Hirohito - - - Hell.

A. H. K. Russell G/C.

WE NEED MORE

By Flt/Lt. Lardie, Padre

It is something of a risk, perhaps, to extol the virtues of a fighter pilot on the pages of W.A.G. school publication—but in this particular instance it seems worthy of some risk, since the character is real, and the story is true.

Name—Brendore Finnucane, "Paddy" to his friends.
 Born—Somewhere in Ireland, 1921.
 Died—In his Spitfire, August 1942.
 Last words—"This is it, Chaps."

Paddy Finnucane never attended a finishing School. At 17, he left home and went to England to take up flying—with the R.A.F. At 21, he was a Wing Commander, with a clean record of 32 German planes knocked out of the sky.

Paddy was tough—if you can think of a man being tough in the right sense. He was tough, because he was clean and hard.

Paddy was clean—clean enough to give his life fighting for the standards of decency that meant self-respect and honour for the girl he wanted to marry after the war—clean enough to be able to look his mother and his sister in the face, when he went home on leave.

And Paddy Finnucane was hard—hard enough to stand up to the training and rigid discipline of the Air Force—hard enough to stand by his guns against terrific odds in dog-fights, and run his score of German planes to thirty-two—and hard enough to stand by the principles of his religion, and be ready to die when the time came for him to say "This is it, chaps."

Yes, Paddy was tough—in the right sense—just clean and hard.

We have a lot of men like Paddy in our own Air Force. We have a lot like him right here in our own school. But we need a lot more.

We cannot hope to win this war by showing the Nazis our uniforms, or by waving our flags at them—it is not bunting that we want, but hitting. And the best hitters are the clean, hard ones.—Like Paddy.

Guest of honour at a club luncheon to pay tribute to heroes of the present war, youthful Lt. Wm. Bower (U.S. Air Corps), who had bombed Japan with Jimmy Doolittle, scrapped his speech, following considerable discussion on date and site of the club's annual picnic and substituted the following:

"A matter of major importance to you right now is a picnic. You wonder where you should go and what you should do in order to have a good time. Well, it's no picnic out where I've been and where your sons are. This is no time for good times. I'm ashamed of you. I'm ashamed of myself for being here instead of out there where I belong and where I wish to God I were. I can't understand my country. I can't understand you. Don't you realize we're in a war—a war we can lose?"

Flt-Lt. Mooney is Youthful Signals Officer Heads Radio Lab. Section

A short while ago, rummaging through some back numbers of the "Montrealer," we were quite surprised to find there, amid groups of photographs taken at No. 1 Wireless School in the summer 1940, one which included the smiling mien of "Cpl." Mooney. That was in the summer of 1940. Two years later, a number of the people assembled in those photographs, as classes of Cpl. Mooney, are now pleased to work under Flt/Lt. Mooney, in Radio Labs Section.

Flt/Lt. Mooney was born at Ottawa on Mar. 5th, 1919, and a simple deduction in arithmetic reveals that he is one of our most youthful officers, none the less well qualified for the position he holds as Signals Officer. After attending Public School in Ottawa, he completed his Senior Matriculation at Nepean High School, Westboro, Ont. and almost immediately set out on his career in the R.C.A.F.

In July, 1937 "Bob" Mooney, along with 60 others, commenced the "Sixth Wireless Operator's Course" at Trenton's Wireless School. The only Wireless school of the R.C.A.F. of that date was Commanded by Flt/Lt. H. B. Godwin (now G/C. Godwin) and its syllabus consisted of a 14 month course which was completed in one single building—vastly different from the elaborate set up we now know at the O.A.C.

The course ended for that class in Sept., 1938 and immediately after graduation Aircraftsman Mooney left Trenton to spend seven months special leave at Queen's University in Kingston. Thus our officer i/c Radio Labs became a Freshman in Science, Year '42—and returned to Trenton in May of 1939 where he was appointed Instructor for the "Seventh W.O.'s Course." Duties here included instruction in Morse, Procedure, Radio Labs, and led to a promotion to the rank of Cpl. in the fall of 1939.

For Sept. of that fateful year leave had again been granted and Cpl. Mooney was to be a Sophomore at Queens. The Second World War however caused considerable change in the plans of R.C.A.F. personnel and required him to remain at Trenton until the whole staff of the Wireless School moved to No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, in Feb. 1940. Here, with a group of more widely experienced R.A.F. instructors, the work was carried on—the work which was to lead to the Wireless Schools of the present.

Cpl. Mooney instructed at that time in visual signalling, morse classes for Officers, and finally moved to Radio Labs where he began his lengthy association with the newly created W.E.M.s. Canadian equipment was his specialty at the moment and many present instructors, W.E.M.s or W.O.G.s, will remember their introduction to this type by Cpl. Mooney.

In January 1941 Sgt. Mooney (promoted in the meantime) was sent to Winnipeg for the opening of No. 3 W.S. and was attached to the Air Operating Section at Stevenson's Field. By spring he had become a Flight Sgt. and was commissioned Flying Officer in Sept. 1941. Posting took Flying Officer Mooney to Rockcliffe Station where he had interesting experiences in real W.E.M. work—Test and Development, includ-

ing work on some of those Catalinas which were urgently needed by Coastal Command.

In Dec. 1941 many of our Instructors were interested to become re-acquainted with their newly appointed head of Radio Labs, having known him in "the good old days." Since then Flt/Lt. Mooney has received his second ring.



Flt/Lt. Mooney

We of the Radio Labs Section, apparently knowing something about Radio, feel that Flt/Lt. Mooney has accomplished something unique. And his accomplishments have not been entirely of an academic nature. Just the other day in one of those many informal chats which go on between our Instructors and their boss, the observation was made that the hard part of instructing is to keep up the enthusiasm of the Trainees—but the really hard job is to keep up the enthusiasm of the Instructors.

With the men of Radio Labs Flt/Lt. Mooney is "Tops."

NO. 4 GETS TWO NEW PADRE'S

F/L's Hamilton and Lardie are welcomed to the Station where they are quickly becoming acquainted in the positions formerly held by F/L. Hadley (Protestant) and F/L. Hartman (R.C.) respectively.

Both Padre's have accepted the post of Honorary Editors of Sparks and we are grateful to F/L. Lardie for his article on Paddy Finnucane on this month's Eitorial page.

Interesting to note is the fact that F/L Lardie interrupts the line of Padres whose names have begun with H (significant isn't it?) It seems that Padres too like to be posted overseas and F/L's Hatton and Hartman who came here early in the school's history have done just that. F/L. Hadley, who will be remembered for his book-reviews, has gone to Trenton and his place is now filled by F/L. Hamilton.

Flight Lieutenant Davidson Is New S.A.O.

Flt/Lt. W. M. Thomson, M.C., D.F.C. is
Posted — Flt/Lt. T. G. M. Davidson
Becomes S.A.O.

Once again there has been a change in the office of S.A.O. This time Flight Lieutenant Thompson, M.C., D.F.C., formerly our well-known adjutant, has been posted to somewhere in the U.S.A., to qualify in a special course—then to ops.

To the office of S.A.O. has come Flt/Lt. T. G. M. Davidson, whose smartness on parade and up-on-the-bit attitude has already become well noted about the campus. Flt/Lt. Davidson brings to the School the benefit of a number of years of military experience, having been a graduate of the Royal Flying Corps shortly prior to the signing of the Armistice in World War I. Nov. 13th, 1918, was to have been the date of his departure overseas.

On the formation of the Canadian Air Force Flt/Lt. Davidson served a tour of duty at Camp Borden in 1921, thus becoming a reserve officer. On completion of this course he set out on a varied and interesting civilian career which was to take him to all parts of the Dominion.

In 1940 he again donned the uniform of the R.C.A.F. and attended No. 5 Administrative Course at Trenton. Posting brought him to No. 1 Manning Depot and when the strength of the depot reached such proportions that it was no longer possible to carry on with only one wing, Flt/Lt. Davidson was given the job of organizing the Reception Wing in Dec. 1941. In the spring of the present year a similar assignment was carried out with regard to the Posting Wing. Present-day rookies in the R.C.A.F. would hardly recognize the Manning Depot of three years ago.

On May 15th Flt/Lt. Davidson was posted to No. 5 Manning Depot at Lachine, Quebec, and subsequently set up the administration for the Posting Wing there. Later in the season a pleasant summer leave was interrupted with notice to report to Command. That was when Flt/Lt. Davidson found that he was coming to No. 4 Wireless School - - - instead of being posted overseas.

Interesting duties that Flt/Lt. Davidson has performed since joining the Service for the second time include the initiation into the R.C.A.F. and training of the first enlistments of Radio Mechanics (U.T.) The first 500 were trained at University of Toronto, have since been dispersed for service to the four corners of the world. Also of interest were sorties to various parts of the U.S.A. escorting the then newly arrived Cadet trainees of the R.A.F., and the commanding of a colour Guard at Columbus, Ohio.

According to first impressions the sum total of this varied past is that the new S.A.O. is well qualified to "deal" with those problems which might be set before him in his strategic position here. This fact should be well noted by all personnel.

Calling CQ

By Sgt. Sellars, W.C.,
Newfoundland V.O.1T.

Scattered all over the world, previous to the outbreak of war, were seventy thousand amateurs or "hams", people who worked at radio for the love of it; men (and women, too) who would sit up all one night working feverishly with soldering iron, pliers and screwdriver to complete a piece of radio equipment so that they could spend the following night using it as a means of talking to some chap on the other side of the street—or the other side of the world!

Their well-known "Calling CQ", meaning "Calling all stations", has often been heard by the average broadcast listener. However, the design of most home receivers is such that only a few of the many thousands of amateurs are heard, and, as a result, most people have but a sketchy idea of amateur radio in its true proportions.

For instance, in a half inch of dial space near 7.0 mc. on the short wave dial, thousands of amateurs could be heard within a few hours. The signals, known as C.W. (a type of transmission with which Morse code is used) cannot be received on a standard receiver but, in one night, I've heard signals from amateurs in England, Germany, Poland, France, Belgium, Italy, the Azores and Australia, not to mention dozens in the United States and Canada. I've exchanged Christmas greetings with Englishmen and Belgians in one night and, in the first hour of 1939, I exchanged New Year's wishes with United States amateurs who, due to the difference in time between Newfoundland and the United States, were still living in 1938.

You may wonder how an English speaking person finds it possible to carry on intelligent contacts with Europeans of so many different tongues. By means of International Morse code and the International "Q" code it is made quite simple, and conversations of some length and detail are fairly common. Abbreviations cut transmission time to a minimum. For instance, here's a typical message, copied as it comes through in code:

"Wl, om, vy gld td hr U agn. Mni
tnx fer fb QSO es pse QSL. Hpe C U
agn sn. 73 to U es yr YL."

And here is what it means:

"Well, old man, I'm very glad to hear you again. Many thanks for the fine contact and please send me a verification card. Hope to see you again soon. Best wishes to you and your young lady."

The strange part about these abbreviations is that they require no study; they just seem to grow on you after you've been operating for a month or so.

An amateur has a very strict code of ethics. He is always at the call of his country, and amateurs in the United States have done outstanding work in rescue operations during floods. Other instances of cases in which amateurs have been of untold value in emergencies are too numerous to mention. Under no circumstances can an amateur accept remuneration for services rendered!!

No job is too big for him! I sat in a "ham shack" two thousand miles from home and watched an amateur contact

(Continued on page twelve)

Duke of Kent Killed on Active Service

His Royal Highness, Prince George, Duke of Kent, wearing the uniform of an Air Commodore of the R.A.F., died on Aug. 25 with the other passengers and members of the crew of an R.A.F. plane on its way to Iceland. The plane crashed into the side of a rugged Scottish mountain and burned. An epitaph, provided by the Air Ministry, reads simply, "Killed on active service."

The Duke of Kent was the youngest of the four living sons of King George V and Queen Mary—thirty-nine, leaves his wife, formerly Princess Mariana of Greece and three children. The second son, born last July 4th, was named after Franklin Roosevelt.

Serving as welfare officer, Air Commodore, the Duke of Kent, took his full share of wartime royal duties. He thrilled at the power of the modern aircraft engine and in the freedom of flying—was thoroughly taken to the hearts of the Canadian people while carrying out official duties during a visit last year. His was no small contribution to the united war effort of the British Empire, and to the unity of the British Empire. All his life he had been selling good will.

As to be expected, the death of the Duke of Kent, has been mourned by English speaking people everywhere. Also his sacrifice has exemplified the equality of service which is a mark of the present conflict. In truth, Royalty suffers with the common man.

The Duke of Kent was buried with full honors of the R.A.F. among ancestral vaults in storied St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

VARIETY SHOW IS HUGE SUCCESS

Memorial Hall, on Sept. 17th, was the scene of a variety show highly enjoyed by the personnel of the station and made possible only by the efforts of various talented people on the station.

Producer LAC. George T. Egee and Director LAC. Albert Bested, with the co-operation of the Canadian Legion under F. G. Baldwin, presented a program which consisted of everything from W.D. choristers and airman actors to one person who actually was both, one Albert Bested.

LAC. Roblin came back from Burch to deliver an outstanding performance as Master of Ceremonies.

Music was provided in "jazz" tempo by the three solid senders: Hawkins, Lococo and Grice.

Piano accompaniment for the acts was ably played by P/O. Wilkinson, LAC. Partridge and LAC. Hawkins.

It seemed like the old vaudeville days were back again.

Encores were numerous and applause was generous.

It is hoped that the enthusiasm of the audience will be taken to mean that more of these shows would be appreciated.

Cast: W.D.'s Millie Assels, Edna Cousins, Joyce Wright, Anna Rusnak, and Peggy Robertson.

Airmen: LAC. Dunning, LAC. Woodhouse, LAC. Dorrell, LAC. Partridge, and Cpl. Hollywood.

Station employee, Alex Small did a child impersonation act.

W.O.1 SANDERS BECOMES STATION WARRANT OFFICER

Taking the place of F/S. Adams, recently posted overseas, is W.O.1 Sanders who came here from "Y" Depot at Halifax.

Our new Senior Warrant Officer brings us the benefit of almost three years experience in the R.C.A.F., having enlisted in November, 1939. Eighteen months were spent at Toronto Manning Depot and following that a period at St. Thomas Detention Barracks—(outside) where the inmates did pack drill in double time at 7 a.m.—and shovelled cinders the rest of the day. (Note well). A term of duty was spent at Dunnville and later five months as Station Warrant Officer at Trenton. Posting took him to Halifax where he was in charge at Embarkation Depot and when W.O. Sanders requested posting "either overseas or back to Canada" he found himself on his way to Guelph.

Asked for a contribution to Sparks, W.O. Sanders kindly submitted the following:

"The Station Sgt. Major usually makes himself heard through too many channels, so my contribution to this periodical will be brief but nevertheless from the heart. (The heart as you know, is that which a Sgt. Major is not supposed to have).

"I came to this station from "Y" Depot at Halifax, N.S. after 14 months of that hustle and bustle that only those who have been there can understand. And by the way my sympathies are with your friend and mine W.O.1 Jack Adams, who is now sojourning in those parts.

"Naturally everyone wonders what kind of station they have been posted to. When I arrived here I was very agreeably surprised to find this the best station I had seen—beautiful grounds, a fine staff of Officers and N.C.O.'s and an energetic and fine bunch of trainees. Indeed I am proud to be a part of No. 4 Wireless School.

"I may say to the trainees that when the time comes to report to the Y Depot, report on time if you do not wish to become separated from your friends. You are shipped out by priority and I have seen some fellows who have paid pretty dearly for an extra day Buck-shee."



SQUADRON CHATTER

NO. 1 SQUADRON

F/L. Carnegie, O/C.

Cpl. Flemming Disciplinarian

Regretfully we of the 43rd announce the loss of L.A.C. Cockin, former demon reporter of No. 1 Squadron, whose departure for the ranks of the 45th is lamented by all.

Outstations at last has been attacked by the formidable 43rd, who entered with sharpened pencils and shaking knees ready to meet the worst in the shape of Cpls. and Sgts. who run around, as though suffering from ants in their pants, continually checking up on the lads who send unrepeatable messages over the wires. - - - Our sympathy to L.A.C. Baker, V.H. who while swimming tried a swan dive and ended up a duckling. Someone dove onto him and K.O.'d him. The boys tenderly fished him out but at the time of writing he was still feeling rather under the weather. - - - The Aussies are genuinely sorry to be losing Theo O'Toole "the Wild Irishman" who after spending some weeks in Christie Street hospital was informed that he was unfit for aircrew. Tough luck, Cobber. - - - Snowy Judge, alias "Grandad" and the incomparable commander of the Aussie Flight will be preparing for a minor operation as this issue of Sparks goes to press. Been working too hard, Snowy? We hope the doctor is not too ambitious and does not remove too much! - - - Congratulations are to be given to "Mo" Danis who is now a proud father. Pass the cigars "Mo". - - - We also wish to commend L.A.C. Brunner on his fine stick handling in the band. Take a piece of string Brunner and tie 'em to your wrists.

No. 1 Squadron wants to know - - - Why Edger S. Bull (Esq.) spends half his hard earned pay on long distance phone calls. Don't tell us it's your mother, Edgar. - - - If it is really a love of farm work that has drawn "Blue"

What a Life!



Even a flier
Has to perspire—
But "offending" will ruin
Anyone's woin'!

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

The ONE soap especially made to
prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)

NO. 2 SQUADRON

F/O. Gilmore, O/C.

Cpl. Stewart, Disciplinarian

45th Entry wins Field Day honors by nosing out Aussies.

We've done it again as other No. 2 Squadrons before us have done it before! The weather being with us and our athletes doing their utmost we knew we couldn't be beaten. There were many close shaves.

We wondered what Colborne was trying to do when he was hunting for the largest rain coat in the barracks on a certain rainy night. We found out later he made a tent over by the tennis court. There is a rumour around the W.D. barracks that the occupants of room 456 in the Admin. Bldg., have been out searching for girls, form the Maritimes preferred!

Gerry Marion of D Flight came in disgusted the other night because a W.D. objected to him fixing her tie - - - Even Jack MacNeil says he doesn't care if he gets procedure as long as a certain W.D. doesn't care if she gets her cooking course.

We wonder who the person or persons are that keep Harry Siegel away most of the time - - - Charlie MacDonald and Pete MacNeil spend altogether too much time over at the Mess Hall. What keeps Louie Fayad so long in the mess hall after he finishes his meal. Why doesn't somebody do something about installing more phones on the top floor? L.A.C. Redman keeps the wires burning with calls from a little dark eyed floozy from Guelph. Let's take up a collection boys.

Two of our gamblers of D Flight namely Ramsey and Blackshirt Bradley donated the sum of 10c to the Receiver General Fund and got 7 days C.B. out of it.

Wiltshire (Boy) goes around these days hanging his head over his disappointment in not getting to Toronto with a W.D. by name of Marge. Try again "boy".

I wonder why Lloyd Burchell lost interest in the sports so suddenly on Friday afternoon. From the Maritimes again no doubt

Thorton out to a certain farm for several week-ends running. What about it "Blue"? - - - Whether Cpl. Fleming had to go on five days leave because the Aussies—noticeably the quietest flight on the station—proved to be too much for him? - - - And how come two corporals

NO. 4 SQUADRON

Flt/Lt. S. Mitchell, O/C.

Sgt. Taylor, Disciplinarian

Under the eagle eye of Flt/Lt. Thompson the spirits of 49 waded through their I.T.S. exams—waded is the word. Them electrons are elusive lil critters!

So now, at last, we are leading alley greepers and you know what alley!

At the beginning of the test "Our Hub" Brown asked for a cigarette, as usual, and was soundly trounced, orally, by the Flt/Lt., which helped, in a large way, to assist Hub in explaining just how the angle of deflection when measured in ohms showed just how many dozen electrons are needed to turn on an electrolyte—Ah me! - - - Aside from the difficulties having to do with Lionel rearing imbeciles—Sergeant Taylor finds himself really occupied with a situation worthy of his mettle. The furrowed brow, the puckered frown show his mental outlook at the prospect of 28 weeks intimate contact with characters—most definite characters. - - - The lads were amazed at the memory, apparently as phenomenal as his girth. That Scott Jervis, Simond, "Moose" Andrews, "Furrow" Dobbs, "Spadina Kid" London, "Rusty Spud" Pippin, Woodstock & Stubbings Inc., were spotted by name the second day of our stay and his ability to identify old socks in various rooms as one would greet blood relations is still a source of worry when any day it is possible that it can be you who is hauled up and taken to task for details no other human could so capably cope with "Sarge"—we salute you! - - - So goes the war—but, we do our best—may it be good enough. - - - This month should find us through Burch for our first flips—and we thought our Dads took chances in World War I! - - - Noticing the lack of beef with mixed emotions, the fact that the rumour that the shortage was caused by our diet at Manning Pool was believed by most, shows that it was not missed too much—but Turkey, mmmmmm—Goble, Goble, Goble.

in his place? We presume "Blondie" Mitchell is to turn his talents exclusively to tucking the Aussies into bed. Oh, nurse!!!

And before we close—how did Alan Tyrrell and Les Woods enjoy the private room they shared over the week-end at the pressing invitation of a certain L-Cpl. of the Provost Corps.

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NO. 5 SQUADRON

Flt/Lt. Thomson, O/C.

Cpl. Hollywood, Disciplinarian

(Graduating Squadron)

The time has come the walrus said, to talk of many things—and so I take my pen in hand to write this column for the last time. Like all things, we must move on, there's a job to be done. The interlude has been pleasant enough and the associations very welcome but we must say adieu.

Yet while we look into the mists which hide the future, certain memories glow brightly. Remember how we used to look at the senior entry in awe and secret envy and now we are the graduates. Remember with what trepidation we faced the 4th week exams, and the first visit to the C.I. Then the big hurdle at the 9th week, when Doc. Ohm just about tore his hair out. He was a little calmer by the time the 14th week arrived, but all his patience and virtues went overboard by the time we got through out-stations; then came Burtch, and the hundred of amusing instances which cropped up—"Marconi" Wardinger and "Crash" Jones for instance—which brings us up to date.

There have been bright spots and some dull ones, mostly when a pass was cancelled, but we have enjoyed our stay. This is the place where we should thank somebody for all they have done for us but I'm afraid we haven't got the room for mention of individual merit. So to one and all, from the C.O. down, we extend our heartfelt thanks and we are sure that the time we have spent has not been wasted and the hopes of our instructors will be justified when we finally get into action.

Well, if I don't stop, I shall be waxing sentimental and some people think that is foolish. I shall say not good-bye, for it carries an air of finality, but instead, "till we meet again!" and I'm sure we will, in happier, more peaceful days when once again the world and man are free and you and I have finished "his little job we have to do—the 39th.

A small London evacuee, seeing a circus for the first time, said he liked everything but the elephants because they kept their gas masks on.

CARD CO.

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and

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ADMINISTRATION
BUILDING

No. 4 Wireless School

NO. 6 SQUADRON

P/O. Mickles, O/C.

Cpl. Penlington, Disciplinarian

Well, well, well, it seems at long last time has flown by with a brake on but finally got around to the 41st at Burtch.

"A" and "B" flights were certainly battling the elements the other week when your correspondent pulled a sneak preview on a certain Wednesday Eve.

--- It seems that our boy Brumby had the chance to creep out of a plane that made a forced landing. I think the farm nearby housed a few charming damsels!

--- Really though, the "A" flight boys definitely had it tough for the weather wasn't too gentle. Crinion (little Eddie) was up during a rain storm and got generally soaked, and so did his log. Flying around in fog and rain isn't exactly fun when there are about five planes in the same vicinity looking for the same base.

--- On that certain Wednesday Eve I chanced to see the following guys either laying on their bunks, enjoying the Caravan Show, or walking around the place with their heads high in true No. 6 manner. --- Did some other Squadron make some crack about its getting a pass for its proficiency for a certain Thursday night parade. I guess they just don't know that men of No. 6 are the best marchers on the station and that they too got a pass. --- Back to the guys at Burtch --- seen in action were: Conrad M. H. F. (Ah!), Manny Atkinson (Ah!), Slugger Roblin D. J., Jake Primeau, Rafuse (In person) C. C., Rudd E. T., Eddie Crinion, Pete Chovanski, "Dale" Carnage, Stylee Styles G. R., Kid Bonner D. J., Pitcher Barker A. E., Blue nose Emery, J. F., Watchchain Kalynuck J. M., Bobby Platt R. F., Ripenburg R. H. Roberts J. H. and "our boy" Brumby A. W.

Lots of luck to "C" and "D" flights at Burtch.

Did you hear about Bainblatt looking for a Zero Beat without his earphones? Well Norm?????

The 41st at Burtch took over the station's Sport's Day in one clean sweep. Baseball, Commando Race, 220 dash, etc., etc. It just seems like the 41st can't be held down.

CARTOONIST GRADUATES

With the 39th Entry goes LAC. Charters Lynn J.

Ever since he was discovered decorating his note books with those horrible caricatures of instructors, Charters has been a welcome (?) contributor to "Sparks."

"Sparks," at least, is grateful for this entertaining effort and hopes to hear from Charters again in the future.

NO. 7 SQUADRON

S/L. Christie, O/C.

Sgt. MacIlwain, Disciplinarian

At the time of writing the 51st Entry is completing its second week at No. 4. We wish that it were possible in this short time to have impressed the Station as favourably as it has impressed us.

While the reputation of this School for efficiency was known to us before our coming, the past two weeks have served to illustrate the thoroughness and earnest effort of the Staff which have made this efficiency a rather famous fact.

However, we were quite unprepared for the excellence of the grounds, quarters and general facilities of the School. The grounds in particular were impressive, being alarmingly well-kept and free from weeds. Some of the boys coming in straight from a "Tarmac" Duty took one long look at the lawns and rushed to the damp canteen, from where they were reluctant to move until assured that they were not here to cut grass and wrestle ragweed. (anyone interested in post-graduate weed-pulling may pick-up a precis from any of the boys from Hager-ville or Aylmer. No charge.)

There stands out amongst our most pleasant impressions the considerate and helpful attitude of our Officers and N.C.O.'s. They are going to be swell people to work with during the next several months and we trust that they will find us the same.

Among other things we have noticed --- our hard-working instructors—laboring to beat brains into some pretty doubtful domes—and doing it too. Most of the boys say an apple for the teacher --- and a razz-berry for the muscle-men of the P.T. Department who break your back with physical jerks and invite you to play football for a rest. (N.B. Anyone referring to these gentlemen as "Physical Jerks" will do so at their own risk). Nevertheless, the P.J.'s gave us a pretty wonderful Sports Day, which saw Andy Anderson cop a first in the broad jump to put No. 7 into the win column. Incidentally, this squadron has placed seven men in the Band, including One-note Hawkins, A. --- Obvious nick-names for a pair of aces "Get-Cracking" MacIlwain and "On the Beam" McSwain.

Things we would like to know --- Did Maguire really steal second with the bases full? Was Jojo Walker's issue (raincoat) tailored by Omar the Tent-maker? For Sgt. Taylor?

For those of you who like poetry to be brief and to the point:

The Antiquity of a Microbe
Adam had 'em.

A GOOD PLACE TO MEET

Regent Hotel

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Guelph

ENJOY OUR MEALS AND ROOMS WHILE ON LEAVE

SPORTS

by L.A.C. Egee

SPORTS DAY AT NO. 4 WIRELESS SCHOOL

The day was sunny and so were the dispositions of most of those on the station for it was September 11, and they had an afternoon off. They could sleep in their bunks, sleep under trees, sleep in bushes - or - participate in sports. Of course most everyone chose to take part in sports or watch sports.

S/L. Lussier presided over the afternoon and seemed very happy about the whole thing.

Sgt. Taylor again did a swell job as chief announcer.

F/O. Scott watched things progress in good form. Of course F/Sgt. Desjardins was there. He seemed all over the place. His standard equipment was the starting gat. If I was only a motion picture producer F/Sgt. Desjardins would certainly be on celuloid for he is Humor in Action. He's terrific, isn't he ? ? ? ?

F/L. S. M. M. Thompson was officiating at the shot put.

F/L. Houlding, F/O. Rowlinson, F O. King and F/L. Davidson were at the judges stand. F/O. Gilmore walking around in civies an interested spectator. F/L. Mitchel and P/O. Mickles at the running events, were keeping very busy.

I guess you noticed the charming W. D.'s going into action in slacks and really putting up quite a show.

You also noticed the civilian girl employees turning on the heat in their events and looking very sleek and stuff.

Of course the WAG'S see radio mech's all of the time dressed the same way and vice-versa so there is nothing much to say about them.

Photographs and results are more explicit than words sooooo.

Results of Inter-Squadron Competition on Field Day

1st Place	No. 2 Squadron	43 points
2nd Place	No. 1 Squadron	42 points
3rd Place	Radio Mechanics	28 points
4th Place	No. 5 Squadron	26 points
5th Place	No. 3 Squadron	16 points
	No. 4 Squadron	16 points
	No. 7 Squadron	16 points
6th Place	No. 6 Squadron	12 points
7th Place	Headquarters	10 points

Individual Results on all Events

100 yd. dash: finals, 1st Dunseith (No. 5); 2nd Winters (No.6).

Shot Put: 1st Tinker (No. 2); 2nd Grey (R.M.); 3rd Brown (R.M.)

220 yd. dash: Finals, 1st Rose (R.M.); 2nd Lynam (R.M.); 3rd Lynam (R.M.)

Broad Jump—R.C.A.F.: 1st Anderson (No. 7); 2nd McCulloch (No. 2); 3rd Thornton (No.1).

High jump: 1st Mitchell (No.1); 2nd McRoberts (No. 2); 3rd Tinker (No. 2).

Sack race: 1st Robinson; 2nd Robb; 3rd Wilson.

Centipede Race: 1st, 43rd Entry; 2nd, 47th Entry; 3rd, Radio Mechs.

Walking on hands race: 1st Lavoie; 2nd Robinson; 3rd Ives.

Three legged race: 1st Kelcher & Belotti; 2nd Crow & Noyes; 3rd Rowlinson & Calcott.

Skip rope race: 1st Mossman; 2nd Rochon; 3rd Custeau.

Softball throw—R.C.A.F.: 1st Slavik Hq.; 2nd Gibb (No. 4); 3rd Ducharme (No. 2)

R.C.A.F. Hop, step and jump: 1st Firth (No. 1); 2nd McCulloch (No. 2); 3rd Thornton (No. 1.)

Rugby ball throw: 1st Gibb (No. 4); 2nd Booth (No. 2); 3rd Meyer (No. 3).

R.C.A.F. 1 mile relay: 1st, 43rd Entry; 2nd, 39th Entry; 3rd, 47th Entry.

1 mile race: 1st Hardy (No.5); 2nd Gardiner (No. 1); 3rd Petrie (No. 2).

R.C.A.F. tug of war—final score; 1st, 47th Entry, No. 3; 2nd, 41st Entry, No. 6; 3rd, 51st Entry, No. 7.

R.C.A.F. (W.D.) hop, step and jump: 1st A.W.2 Savage; 2nd A.W.2 Rice; 3rd A.W.2 Vaughan.

R.C.A.F. (W.D.) 50 yd. dash: 1st AW2 Sack; 2nd AW2 Bower.

R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Peanut on spoon: 1st AW2 Shenfeela; 2nd AW2 Gawne.

Final R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Shuttle Relay: 1st AW'2 Ward, Blake, White, Garringe.

R.C.A.F. (W.D.) broad Jump: 1st A.W.2 Savage; 2nd A.W.2 Dagg; 3rd A.W 2 Ketchell.

Female Civilian Employees

Kick the shoe: 1st Mae Smith; 2nd Pat Moore; 3rd Kay Chapman.

Peanut on spoon race: 1st Mae Smith; 2nd Kay Chapman; 3rd Isabelle Hamby.

Needle and thread race: 1st Kay Chapman, Cpl. Kropf; 2nd Lillian Kersley, Flt/Lt. Mitchell.

Nail Driving Contest: 1st Mae Smith; 2nd Kay Chapman; 3rd Connie Noyes.

Rolling pin contest: 1st Norma Hamilton; 2nd Kay Chapman; 3rd Marion Calcott.

39th ENTRY STATION SOFTBALL CHAMPS

Yes, the 39th are at long last Station Softball Champs. Those Radio Mechs were a tough bunch to beat. Hard hitting on the part of the 39th was the desive factor.

The results of the play off games were: 13-6 and 10-4.

Russ Hays did the pitching for the 39th and also plenty of hard hitting with Dempster.

Jack Delucia pitched for the Mechs but was stopped by the hard hitting. The Mechs had won the first half play-offs so we can really give the boys of the 39th credit for a swell comeback.

At the 39th smoker Mrs. F. Baldwin presented the softball trophy to 39th for keeps. Names of members of the team were placed in a box and the C.O. drew L.A.C. Hayes who is now permanent holder of the silverware.

We know that this will be a memory of old No. 4 W. S. that will be held by the 39th for a long while.

Lots of luck - - - 39th.

ILLUSTRATIONS

- 1—No. 3 Squadron—winners of the Tug of War.
- 2—Smiling Stenos—Misses Kay Chapman and Mae Smith.
- 3—Girls' Tug of War Team.
- 4—L.A.C. Mitchell—winner of the High Jump.
- 5—F/O's Rowlinson and King and F/S. Hentig at award table—Sgt. Taylor at announcer's mike.
- 6—A heat of the 220.
- 7—L.A.C. Bonnany in the Shot Put.
- 8—L.A.C. Phillips—winners of the Shot Put.
- 9—A.W.2 Shenfield of the W.D.'s wins Onion and Spoon Race.
- 10—L.A.C. Mitchell, High Jump Winner—before he had removed excess clothes.
- 11—Winners of the Relay—L.A.C.'s "Blue" Thornton, Dave Pullen, "Snowy" Judge; Alex Warren—all Aussies.
- 12—L.A.C. Robinson in the Sack Race.
- 13—A.C.2 Rose of Radio Mechs—winner of the 220.
- 14—L.A.C. Belotti and A.W.2 Ketchell demonstrate cooperation.
- 15—Don Mossman—New Zealand High Jumper.
- 16—L.A.C. Ducharme in the Hop, Step and Jump.

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Robert E. Barber

Evan D. Brill



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No. 4 WIRELESS SCHOOL
SPORTS DAY



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PHOTOS
by
SGT. LAWSON, H.J.

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LAC.'s HORNER and BERMAN HEAD 39th AT GRADUATION

Something unique has been accomplished by L.A.C. Berman, A.M. of the 39th Entry. After requesting to try examinations in the 39th Entry, he not only made sufficiently high marks to jump forward from the 41st, but has since progressed steadily, so that he graduates in second position.

L.A.C. Berman, 21 years of age, graduated from High School in Boston, Mass. in 1938 and came to Canada to join the R.C.A.F. in October, 1941. In the meantime he had spent slightly over one year in service with the Army of the U.S. His guard duty was performed at Mountain View and now, after an unusually short term at this school he hopes to return to Mountain View to complete his W.A.G. course.

The man responsible for keeping Berman from first position in the entry was LAC. Horner, D.H. and we understand that he was surprised, or appeared to be, to the extent that he lost a \$5.00 wager to a room-mate. The race was almost a dead heat, Horner winning by .04%.

Horner is 22 years old and hails from Shawville, Quebec, where he attained his usual high mark, until going to work, after completing two years of High School—7 years ago. Before enlisting in the R.C.A.F. in September, 1941, Horner had been a Mill operator in a Northern Ontario Gold Mine. He served his guard duty at Camp Borden before coming to Guelph and has since kept up the struggle which brought him out on top.

The entire school joins in hearty congratulations to these two chaps and offers best wishes for continued results in the future.

This is the kind of effort that has been typical of No. 4 Wireless School and it has been asked if Trainees know just how easy it is to "jump" an Entry. It's a matter of qualifying in the examinations of the Entry ahead and of course this involves work. But, it can be done!

CAMERA CLUB REPRINTS AVAILABLE

Sparks is grateful for the co-operation of the station Camera Club. All pictures appearing in Sparks have been made possible by the work of this club and reprints or enlargements of any of these pictures may be purchased from them.

Orders must be left with Cpl. Anderson, Room 23, Mac Hall, before Oct. 15th.

Support your own Camera Club!

"WOIKS AND BWICKS"

Anyone that has not become acquainted with our new Engineer, Flying Officer Etherington, should do so at once. We know that you will agree with us that he is "tops". The W. & B. is going places under his leadership.

The complete section turned out for P.T. on Monday, September 7th. This is the first time W. & B. has been on parade en masse on this station. Boy, you should have heard the groans and growls! Even LAC. (Gimme Rum) Johnson showed up. I wonder why he likes to go on parade in front of the laundry? It is a good thing our new Steno, Pat Moore, had a holiday that day or she might have been shocked by the language used to describe aching joints. - - - By the way, LAC. Doug (Let's go to Kitchener) Halliday's wife has moved to Guelph. Remember how Doug used to stay in the barracks night after night—or do you? She is pretty nice—just ask the writer. - - - The W. & B. would like to thank Sgt. Martin, LAC. Rowe and AC1 Guest for doing all the carpenter work in the recent alterations in clothing stores. What the H-1 were our carpenters doing down there—issuing clothing? (See "July Sparks"). We hear that Equipment have a new group called the Obstacle Section. See L.A.C. Fisher. - - - Anyone wanting the low down on the W.D.'s ask Corporal (Charity) Grills. No charge. - - - Sorry fellows, but we can't have another Stag-Party until after pay-day. That's all.

Now that "Files Steady," becomes a howling contest on C.O.'s Parades—it has been suggested that Sgt. "Timber" Munroe, Discip. of No. 6 Squadron, loan Biddiscombe, hog-caller of No. 6 Squadron, to the W.D.s so that they too may be in the running.

Sgt. D. - - - and his iron horse



OUR NEW COVER

Sparks is pleased to present a cover which we feel more accurately identifies our school as a "W.A.G." School.

Credit for the new cover must go to Sgt. "Tex" Wilson of the Armament Section. "Tex" has gone to considerable trouble to produce this drawing and deserves much thanks.

The Armament Section are also getting in a worthy "Plug" by having a cover which features an Aircraft-of-the-month. Below you will read a review of The Wellington. It is hoped that this paragraph will stimulate interest in Aircraft Recognition.

COVER AIRCRAFT

Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd. may well be proud of the Wellington. No other bomber has such a reputation for long and sustained achievement and yet remains in the front rank as an operational type. Although the design is now basically some 10 years old—the first version was intended to meet the requirements of specification B.9/32—it is still being developed, it is giving magnificent service, and it promises to give many more years of useful work. There must now have been almost as many Marks of Wellingtons as there were of the old Virginia, that historic Vickers bomber of an earlier era.

The prototype of the Wellington first flew on June 15, 1936, and appeared at the R.A.F. display at Hendon in that year. It attracted a good deal of attention because of its clean lines and geodetic structure. The first Wellington to appear in the form we know today flew on Dec. 23, 1937. It had power-operated Fraser Nash turrets, a British develop which set our bombers ahead of those of other nations. The Wellington very quickly showed itself to be one of those aeroplanes which, by an unusually happy compromise between the ever-conflicting requirements in aeroplane design, is something exceptional: an aeroplane destined to have its name inscribed in proud letters on the pages of history.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

Good luck to our chief instructor, S/L. Parkes, on his little business trip. May God speed him to his destination and back to us again.

We know the weather has been hot, but what really is the attraction at the swimming pool for F/L. Mooney, F/O. Rawlinson and P/O. Teatro? ... What airman stole my room mates gal? ... Where does F/L. Branion go for his break period now? ... Congratulations to Flight Officer Moorhouse on her promotion! May her other stripe come soon.

Ode to ASO. McIvor

She's little, but she's wise,
She's a terror for her size!

It is understood that SO. Stambaugh, ASO. McIvor and P/O. Emond have been taking night vision tests, the results having been satisfactory, here's wishing them luck on their night work. ... Too bad private ham stations are not allowed. Signals by telephone to Quebec are terribly expensive, especially with the new income rates now in effect. ... We wonder if it would have been the proper procedure at a recent parade to fire an extra 3 volleys?

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DWUBLE-YEW-DEES

WELCOME

The "Welcome Mat" was laid at Cutten Fields on the evening of September 3rd when the W.D.'s of the School of Cookery held Open House for Headquarters girls of No. 4 Wireless School. The airwomen turned out in practically full strength and the evening was started off with a happy sing-song in front of a cheery fire. A.W.2 Dowsley of headquarters entertained with some piano selections and A.W.2 Williams was called upon to tap her toes. Aply assisted by Flight Lieutenant Branion, as official taster, the W.D. officers prepared "eats"—Hot dogs, coffee and cakes.

The Flight Lieutenant, Flight Officer Moorhouse, A.S.O. Stambaugh and A.S.O. McIver became absorbed in a competition to see who could out do the other in getting the "dogs" in the rolls, the only sound being an exclamation when the sausage turned out to be shorter than the roll.

After everyone had eaten her fill and some more than that the officers were cheered into the party and the Flight Lieutenant entertained the girls with a few jokes specially censored by F/O. Moorhouse. Corporal Dalton recited "Powdering Her Nose" which as the title suggests—well! The nightingale of an empty barrack block, smiling "Nancy" Kelly refused to step into the limelight and demanded the aid of the W.D.'s when called upon to sing. The evening was such a success that the girls of No. 4 Wireless departed with definite ideas of holding Open House in Mac Hall in the near future.

SCHOOL OF COOKERY, W.D. H - D - Q

In column of route, we number seven,
To Cutten Fields, our little heaven,
Scotty Forbes leads the way,
With a bottle of Milton, so they say.
Provan follows - - late to arrive,
Likes a man with plenty of drive,
Dechief will have, if you please,
A broad brimmed hat, and hairy knees.
Rule, a lady with a rod of iron,
Gets all us gals to parade on time.
Red is just a little bit of wiggle,
With a trilly voice and silly giggle,
And then comes Payne, our dark giraffe.
The longest on the Orderly Room Staff.
Brown-eyed Kelly, I need not tell
All the STATION knows "Nancy" well,
S. of C. W.D. H - D - Q.
Signing off and bidding adieu.

DATES! DATES!

The Canadian Legion Office, under its energetic Auxiliary Officer, F. G. Baldwin, reports renewed activity in the department where they arrange dates between the R.C.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

If you belong to either category and are interested in meeting someone who is interested in meeting someone like you—just drop into the Legion Office and they'll give you the details. It's fun!

Can anyone supply a much needed record for the Post Office—"Sorry no mail, Sgt. Herdman?"—or is it for mail that he visits so often, we wonder.

NO. 4 W.S. HEADQUARTERS W.D.'s LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

We hope you all know Cpl. Dalton, she hails from the East coast, Newcastle, to be specific. The new Westerner in our midst is Cl. Parslow from Edmonton, and that little bright eyes from C.R. who answers to the name of Gawne is from Windsor, Ontario. A "Miss" who is on very friendly terms with the S.P.s is Goddard, a Torontonionian. Its an energetic Londoner, the M.T. who wants to give us all P.T. who calls herself N-O-Y-E-S. Rivers, Man., sent us Bowman, the hospital cook who makes such grand apple pie, and the Maritimes gave the hospital two assistants who answer to the name of Sinclair. There's J.M. from Pictou and M.E. from Fredericton. The Vancouver girl whose "Uncle" in the army had such a hard time locating her here is A.W.2 Harrison, and we must not forget those soft feminine voices of the switchboard, could be Lewis from Chilliwack or Penny or Paterson, both claim Toronto for their home town.

"CO-" SERVICE!

A situation, and an opportunity new to the annals of the Service, has been created by the present emergency in which Canada's reserve of manpower, being absorbed by the Air Force, Army and Navy and in tremendous numbers by war industry, is approaching the point of exhaustion. This makes it imperative to have men and women wearing the same uniform, doing duty side by side.

A responsibility is placed upon you as Airmen, and upon you as Airwomen, so that each category, and the Service as a whole, may be held in the highest respect. Would you as an Airman unhesitatingly welcome your sister to the sister service, and would you as an Airwoman, unhesitatingly welcome your brother to the brother service?

This involves no extraordinary duty on the part of either—simply that in the course of duty we conduct ourselves in the oft-heard-of Airmanlike (or Airwomanlike) manner. And that at all times we promote a healthy and deserving respect for the other half of the Service.

This "Co-" Service can and should be a pleasant feature of the present situation. It is our mutual duty, not only to maintain, but to promote, a happy co-operative spirit between all branches of the Service and in our own case between the R.C.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. (W.D.)—Anon.

DOROTHY HIX

[Editors note—If you have any knotty problem beyond your powers of solution, do not hesitate to send it to Miss D. Hix in care of the editor of "Sparks." Legion Office, she will gladly help you out.]

Dear Miss Hix:

I come from the West where there are about 10 girls to every man, in fact thats one of the reasons I joined up, to get away from it all. But here things nave gone to the other extreme, there are far more men than girls and I find myself left out. As I am loosing my confidence with the fair sex and don't like it, what shall I do.

Needle in the Haystack.

Dear N. in the H.

See below.

Dorothy Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

Since joining the Air Force W.D., I've been roped in on a lot of hen parties which I don't enjoy. Besides being bored, it's too expensive. Could you suggest a solution to this situation.

Duck-out-of-Water.

Dear D.-out-of-W.:

Fill in Form 999A (revised 9 times) and forward to: Secretary, Matrimonial Office, D.A.M.S., Ottawa, Ont.

Dorothy Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

We are four airwomen who are now occupying a room formerly used by airmen. A pipe was left on our windowsill and it is causing ill feelings because two of us want to find the owner and return it personally, whereas the other two want to leave it there in hope he'll come for it. Who has the right idea?

Occupants of Room 112.

Dear Occupants:

Throw it out, he probably has twenty more of the smelly things.

Dorothy Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

There was something I didn't know, came as a great shoke to me. In the Mess Hall the otherday we had Turkey. Is it or isn't it etiquette to pick up your bone and bite it. We may have it again, and most certainly at Christmas, if I'm here and I'd like to know the correct

"Sandy"

Dear Sandy:

Being in rather a quándry about this myself, I have referred your letter to Emily Post. Will let you know her ruling as to proper conduct in Mess Hall.

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Know Your Instructors

By FLT/LT. MOONEY

This column is being conducted in order that you may become better acquainted with the men who are teaching you radio. Many of these fellows worked in radio in civilian life and to many, radio was a hobby. Upon entering the Service, all were required to take a long and difficult Wireless Electrical Mechanics Course from which they graduated with high standing. Without any choice in the matter, they were retained as Instructors and sent to various Wireless Schools to do a very difficult job. The results of their efforts only become evident in the success of those they are teaching, so remember, your success is their success.

Sgt. J. W. Wilkes

Is an Easterner from New Glasgow, N.S. After completing his formal schooling he became interested in radio both as a vocation and a hobby. He was engaged in radio servicing and equipment construction where he gained valuable practical experience. He moved his home to Toronto and there he obtained his amateur ticket—VE3HR. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and went from Manning Depot to No. 1 Wireless School in Montreal where he started on the first Wireless Electrical Mechanics course to be given under the B.C.A.T.P.—W.E.M. I. In view of the urgent need for instructors at that time, he and others with practical experience were taken off the course a few months after it had started and were put to work instructing and installing radio equipment in laboratories. Sgt. "Bill" Wilkes instructed W.E.M. and W.O.G. classes in Montreal until he came to Guelph in June of 1941. He went out to Burch in September and did much of the "pioneer" work on the transmitter station for the Air Operating Section. He resumed lecturing in March of this year and is at present with the 43rd Entry.

Sgt. F. Middleton

We now introduce a fairly recent and welcomed addition to the instructional staff of Radio Labs in the person of Sgt. Middleton, who came here from No.

2 Wireless School in April. A native of Glasgow, Scotland, he came to Canada at the tender age of 17 and eventually settled in Windsor. While doing Radio Servicing work with a large Radio store, he studied radio through the Radio and Television Institute. Before enlisting he



Sgt. J. W. Wilkes



Sgt. F. Middleton



Sgt. D. Farmer



Sgt. B. Widdop



Cpl. L. Anderson



Sgt. F. W. Day

had become manager of the radio servicing department, lectured on radio to the Naval Reserve and with what spare time was left he indulged in amateur radio—as a hobby. Upon enlistment in September of 1940 he went to No. 1 Wireless School and took a W.E.M. course with W.E.M. 6A. He was retained for instructional duties and went to No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary where he was on laboratory instruction. Here at Guelph he worked for a time in the Direction Finding labs. and is now on radio lecturing. Sgt. Middleton was with the 41st Entry and is now with the 47th.

Sgt. D. S. Farmer

Is also an Easterner, hails from Woodstock, N.B. After finishing High School he worked with the C.P.R. and at the

same time took a radio course in Saint John. He enlisted in December 1940 and after a brief sojourn at the Manning Depot he was shipped off to Montreal where he became a member of the 9th Wireless Electrical Mechanics Course—"W.E.M. 9". He, and others of that course, had an interesting and welcomed diversion from the monotony of classroom instruction when he was sent to Rockcliffe Air Station, Ottawa to assist on radio installation work in Consolidated "Catalinas," urgently needed by the R.A.F. Coastal Command. He returned to Montreal for graduation in October and was sent to Guelph for W. A.G. Instructional duties. Sgt. Farmer lectured in radio to the 29th and 33rd entries and is now with the 47th—a very promising Entry.

Sgt. "Bert" Widdop

Leaving the East we go to Medicine Hat, Alta. which claims Sgt. Widdop as a native son by birth and education. After High School days he worked at home on the farm and took up amateur radio as a hobby. A radio course at Calgary Teck. prepared him for enlistment as a W.E.M. in the R.C.A.F. in November 1939. Sgt. Widdop is also one of the W.E.M.'s who was taken off course soon after it had started and was placed on instructional duties in the Radio Labs. He continued with radio lab instruction in Calgary when No. 2 Wireless School opened and then came to Guelph in June of 1941. He assisted on the original aircraft W/T installations at the Flying Squadron Burch when our aircraft first began operations from Jarvis and Fingal. Sgt. Widdop returned to the school in May and is now on G.P.I. instruction.

Cpl. L. A. R. Anderson

Is also a Westerner and comes from Mikado, Sask. He completed his public school and high school work in the West and continued with a 2nd year Art course under Western affiliate of Ottawa University. A preliminary wireless course with the Dominion-Provincial Youth Training Plan at Regina prepared him for entry into the Air Force as a Wireless Electrical Mechanic in January of 1941. He eventually arrived at No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, via the Toronto Manning Depot and completed his course with W.E.M. 9 in October. He was retained for instructional duties and came to Guelph soon after graduation. He began radio instruction at once with the C and D classes of the 29th Entry. Since the graduation of that Entry, Cpl. Anderson has been on Radio Direction Finding Instruction and is at present in the T1083 Labs.

(Continued on next Page)

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Radio Mechanics Detachment

F/O. Gilmore, C/O.

Contributions by I. Teitel

Cpl. Biggar, Disciplinarian

A TRIBUTE

Our acquaintance with F/O. Sutton is only ten weeks old but in that short time we came to know him as a gentleman—and what is more important—as a “swell guy”. To all of us he is everything an officer of the R.C.A.F. should be—and that covers a lot of territory. We were sorry to hear of his transfer, but to his new duties he carries with him our very best wishes.

SPORTS NOTES

Who lost - - - After some twenty-odd years of successful dodging, and brilliant broken-field running, a team consisting of the Messrs. Mulhall, McNeill and Hord, met their Waterloos in a hard-hitting, hard-tackling feminine trio. After the final exams they will don the halter at the altar.

Who won - - - The future Mesdames Mulhall, McNeill and Hord, to whom our congratulations, felicitations, sympathy.

NOTES ON A FATIGUE SHIRT CUFF

A six-footer we know tells tall golf stories. (Booth is stranger than fiction) - - - Brough does not fall asleep in class every day. (No classes on Sundays) - - - Avi Siegel feels very boisterous after those evening study sessions under a tree. (With whom does he study?) - - - Without Omer Stringer, a lot of funny noises would have come out of a lot of those two-tuber ear-phones. And yet he can't march worth a plugged nickel! - - - Bob Wood used to work for the Bell Telephone Company. (Is that where he got his line?) - - - There is no “D” in front of the first part of that name. (It's Rip Little) - - - that's a lot of eye-wash about brains and beauty not going together. (Look at Lockhart!)

KNOW YOUR INSTRUCTORS

(Continued from page ten)

Sgt. W. Day

Was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1920, and since then has lived in a variety of places. He spent various periods of his life in Columbia, Ceylon, England, Egypt, Italy and finally arrived in Canada in 1929. His home is now in Ottawa, where he completed his schooling and for 3 years was an operator with the R.C.C.S. He was interested in amateur radio and operated under the call VEA-22. He enlisted in July, 1940 and went from Rockcliffe to Montreal to take his radio course with W.E.M. 7. Upon graduation he was retained for Instructional duties and lectured to W.E.M. classes before coming to Guelph in September, 1941. After bringing the 29th Entry to a successful conclusion in their radio course, he took time out in May to get married—which proves that W.E.M.'s can have interests other than radio! He is at present with the 41st Entry.

FUNNY FACTS ABOUT FUNNY PEOPLE

D. J. Home does not draw his circuit diagrams with an English accent - - - Don Gray's middle name is not Juan - - - any resemblance between him and a certain mythical character is purely a matter of opinion - - - Lou Humberston is fast becoming a model of military precision—it won't be long before he can do a right incline - - - although Charlie Brown was never associated with a fumigating outfit, he is a remarkably good fly catcher - - - the reason why F. H. Edwards walks at an angle is because he is trying to keep his nose to the grindstone and his ear to the ground - - - “P.T.” Brown—(you only get out of Wed and Sat. a.m.'s—(you only get out of it what you put into it, fellas) - - - In spite of evidence to the contrary, J. J. Ward insists a filament is a piece of laxative chewing gum - - - on the other hand G. P. Lyman maintains choke capacity coupling is a heavy necking party - - - W. D. Wheeler, flight No. 3, is undoubtedly the snappiest marker - - - John MacDonald is the champion letter writer of Mills Hall, bar none - - - Cliff Ready's middle name is no Rough'n - - - Norm Wicks dislikes using the word ‘love’ on the tennis court—it disturbs his game - - - Vic Walpole is so conscientious that when he draws a radio circuit he shows the colour cloth over the loud speaker.

We dispel some rumors - - - John MacMillan was NEVER a swing trumpeter, and he was NOT known as “Hot Lips J. B.” - - - J. L. May was NOT a gad-about-town, and he was NOT known as “Gay” May - - - Barton Jolly was NEITHER a professional baseball player, NOR a ballet dancer in his younger days - - - Jack Kennedy was NOT a policeman - - - the people of Marmora, Ont. did NOT paint George Rice red and white and prop him in front of the tonsorial parlor every Saturday night - - - Hugh Carter, proprietor of the Carter Cab & Carrier Company did NOT get permission from the W. P. & T. B. to raise his

prices for the Toronto run - - - Virgil Schier does NOT dislike getting up mornings—he just resents being pushed around by a siren - - - Ken Godden's falling out of his upper bunk in the middle of the other night was NOT due to intoxicants—he was dreaming about Clinton and he took hold of the wrong condenser.

Did you know - - - That Doug Gilchrist's favorite color is yellow? (She has yellow hair and a yellow Mercury) - - - that there are two of them in that noisy Room 116? (The Moore the merrier!) - - - that Cook and Barrett weren't really high that Sunday night? (they just weren't that's all) - - - that Sid Rose is a man of the great outdoors? (He tells the time by shooting the sun with a slide rule) - - - that the Bamford and Bush upper lip Victory gardens take a lot of tending? Trade secrets: Art dusts his with masekera to make it show up, and Sid uses kerosene to make his glisten) - - - that “Junior” Barry (spelled B-A-R-R-Y) reminds a lot of people of Patrick Henry? (Give me liberty or give me debt!) - - - that Russ Banks likes the mess hall smell on Fridays? (Let a Maritimer smell a fish and he's happy!) - - - that, given time, John O'Mahoney can get the point of almost any joke you tell him? (Well—almost.) - - - that John Delucia isn't called The Great Lover for nothing? (Ask him to show you his profile—left, three-quarter view) - - - that until Ross Simms learns how to dance his girl friend has nothing to worry about? - - - that the jokes people tell “Goose” Ferguson are funnier than the jokes “Goose” Ferguson tells people? - - - that if all the Radio Mechs who studied after lights out were laid end to end—they'd be much more comfortable?

SNAPPY MONDAY A.M. DIALOGUE

Mr. Day: What is the effect on the mutual characteristic of a variable mu pentode if we double the grid bias while halving the plate voltage?

Jackson: Pardon?

You too will enjoy-



*Delicious
Nourishing
Appetizing*

PUKKA GEN FROM THE ARMAMENT SECTION

Heard in an armament class: "Say Sgt. is apparent relative speed really apparent, or does it only appear to be apparent? - - - The Armament Section had the honour of introducing the very charming "Night and Day Sisters" to the Sergeants' Mess—how the boys did gather. Have a care Scrut—have a care—or have you got one? - - - It is rumoured that A.C. Ripley of the Turret Bldg. staff is homesick. At least he does try to get home, but with what results? - - - Cpl. Atkinson wants it definitely understood that he does not like hospitals. Any hospital in particular Corp? - - - With Ring & Bead Murray on temporary duty at Mountain View, the Armament Section seems to be a lot quieter. Room 257 too.

"Ain't It The Truth" or "Don't Be A Goner, Gunner"
LAC. Niemi - 45C.

Though you may be a crackin' good
Wireless Operator.
With 100 per cent in proced'ya
You must also be
A dam' good A.G.
Ready at once when they need ya!

When some strange kite
Comes out of the night
Diving in your direction
You haven't a book
Nor time to look
At your aircraft recognition.

So use your brains
And know your planes
Be they zeros or Blohm or Voss,
Wops, Japs or Huns,
Know your Turret and Guns
And at least you'll get home without
loss.

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ORANGE	CREAM SODA
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GRAPE	LUCKY COLA

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CONGRATULATIONS

Pre-Aircrew Course Pays Dividends

From time to time this paper has called to the attention of all concerned the advantages to be gained from further education, made possible by the Canadian Legion Educational Services.

Much has been done to develop and sustain interest in these courses by our own Educational Officer, Flt/Lt. Thompson. It is with considerable satisfaction, then, that we are able to announce the graduation of two successful candidates in the Pre-Aircrew Course.

Congratulations are extended to LAC. Knox, formerly of the telephone office and LAC. Glover, formerly a security guard. Immediately on the successful completion of their course both airmen were posted I.T.S. Best wishes for continued success will accompany them there.

WORD FROM SGT. CONNER

August 3rd, 1942.

Hello Mac—(F/Sgt. McNair)

Received a copy of the June issue of "Sparks" today, and got more kick out of it than any mail I've received for some time. That "June" has a double significance, I might mention, because it was sent to me by one of No. 4's fair sex of the same name.

As a suggestion—if it hasn't already been suggested or carried out, I think that if our boys appreciate "Sparks" as much as I do, it would be a grand idea to have it sent to them periodically, if at all possible.

If you can't remember this fellow Conner very well—Mac, just look back into the annals of your memory at all the fellows who ever had the pleasure of polishing the floor of your room, and you'll find me there somewhere.

I was a graduate of the 23rd entry, but as I spent only a month in it, all my friends and acquaintances were of the 21st. Over here I've met nearly all of the old gang, and we've spent some good times together, besides reminiscing on the better times we had at No. 4.

At Signals School over here I was with Gould, Chalklen, King, White (D.A.) Atkins, Ashe, and others of the 21st. Then there was Carleton, Ward and many more of the 23rd. Harry Dales had the misfortune of breaking his ankle not long after we arrived in England, so we haven't seen him for some time. I met Ben Moroney and Don Millard. Don and I were both W.O.ps on the same raid on Bremen, the trip that he didn't come back from. It was the first ops. trip for either of us.

(Continued on page fifteen)

CALLING CQ

(Continued from page three)

my home town in five minutes. Ten minutes later I was talking to my own parents as easily as though we were all seated in one room. Such contacts, of course, depend upon existing conditions, but the ways of the unpredictable radio waves are second nature to a man who has noted their peculiarities over a period of years. The story of what such men have done in the development of radio would fill a book! To an amateur, if cleanliness is next to godliness, then love of radio comes next on the list.

Amateurs are everywhere and very often a ham's trade or profession bears no relationship to his hobby. A Portuguese warship put into port at St. John's, Newfoundland, and within an hour a Portuguese amateur had traced me; I walked down Fifth Avenue in New York and was stopped by a policeman who recognized me by a small badge as a fellow ham; I took a sunbath on the roof of a Y.M.C.A. in Philadelphia and was practically trampled to death by a group of amateurs who had decided to rig a new aerial.

And where are they now? I'll tell you! There are Canadian and American amateurs in every branch of the armed forces. They are working on the development of new equipment; they are performing invaluable service as operators on land, on sea and in the air; they are holding positions of responsibility in Wireless and Signals training schools throughout the continent. We have several amateurs on the staff of our School and the C.O. himself is proud of the fact that he holds an amateur license. The hams are out to prove that an amateur is never lacking when his country needs him!

Our equipment has been dismantled for the duration but, wherever amateurs meet, yarns are still told of "the DX worked on 40 meters". The walls of many ham shacks are bare of the verification cards which previously covered them, as proud owners tote their QSL's in their kits for comparison with those of fellow amateurs with whom they are bound to come in contact. Our aerials have been removed till we teach manners to the so-called men who started this fuss.

But we'll be back on the air again! For amateur radio gets in the blood; it is a means of expressing your creative ability; it gives you a chance to find out at first hand what the person on the other side of the world is doing and thinking; it provides an opportunity of making a contribution to the development of one of the mysteries of Science, Radio!

The last shot of the war will hardly have been fired, the last bomb will hardly have found its target, the first soldier will hardly be out of uniform before some amateur, in some part of the world, puts down his soldering iron, flicks the switch of his power supply and whispers fervently into his mike, "Calling CQ. Come in somebody, please!"

Australians have a tendency to turn "a's" into "i's". An American soldier hurt in a traffic accident, woke up in an Australian hospital and asked the nurse solemnly: "Was I brought here to die?" "No", said the nurse, "you were brought here yesterday."
N.Y. Times repeated in Reader's Digest, July, 1942.

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Get our baked goods at your canteen !

SERGEANTS' MESS (Only)

Our new Station Warrant Officer, W.O. Sanders, is welcomed as Chairman of the Sergeants' Mess. President for the present term is W.O.2 Lewis and Flight Wilson is Secretary.

The Messing Committee consists of Sgt. Sellars, living-in member and Sgt. Bury, living-out member. Entertainment is in the hands of F/S.'s Twyman and McNair and Sgt. McIlwain.

Congratulations to W.O.1 Daniels on his recent promotion from Flt/Sgt. It has been suggested that perhaps now "Danny" will have a new uniform—one all the same colour. It will have been seen, or "heard" that Sgt. Danciu at last has his motorbike back again (see page 8). Everyone is very glad to see it and hopes Pete continues to ride it a lot—then next time both he and the motorbike will disappear. - - - Sgt. Hurdman's voice is rapidly coming to resemble that of Flt. Desjardin—different accent, on account of his duties in the canteen. Perhaps both these boisterous people could help out the W.D. markers on C.O.'s parade. - - - Sgt. "Corny" or "Pardon the Pun" Corbett is still circulating his own particular brand of humour. (Corny Corbett coins cranium crackers) Heard recently was something like this - - -

Ernie Hovey (at the billiard table)—"Say, this is nothing to me, Corny, I used to make a living playing this game"

Corny (without even smiling)—"You must have been a lot thinner then, than you are now."

After having met Sgt. Munro, we know why men in the forest - and W.A.G.'s too, drop everything and run for cover when someone bellers "Timber." It seems Timber has a unique method of waking tired-out Trainees in the early morn; they say it gives the fellows in the top bunk the sensation of falling through space - - - Sgt. Taylor just uses a broom. - - - Turkey has been much enjoyed in the mess on a couple of occasions recently. Sgt. White was heard to observe that he's just afraid this beef shortage is going to collapse in a flurry of feathers. - - - Missed from last month was the account of a certain School of Cookery N.C.O. (from Trent Inst. we believe) who had made a spectacular effort to pass the lung test at Burtch recently—seems to have blown himself black in the face. - - The hazard of interference from electric razors continues to rile certain members of the mess (who don't have electric razors) and it has been asked if these noisy people realize they could stop most of that racket for a few cents (see a W.M.) also for even less they could buy some razor blades and then convert their razors to produce where, it is hoped, someone could make real use of them. To finish with, what have the Sergeants done that a W.D. was heard to remark: "A Sergeant's just a skunk with three stripes?"

BASKETBALL

All Squadrons are to be advised that on October 6, the Inter-Squadron basketball games will begin. An eight team league will be formed that will play on Tuesdays and Thursday evenings. Two games will take place each one of the evenings which will give the spectators plenty to cheer about.

EQUIPMENT SECTION

Having members of the W.D.'s in our Section now makes the "homelike" atmosphere more outstanding. With this new addition the Equipment Section strives to serve the Station in keeping it well equipped and having the tools to help finish the job.

With A.W.'s Hill and Crook in Clothing Stores, Smith in Publications and Plant in Tech Stores the W.D.'s are well represented. Now mirrors have been placed in these groups and the "feminine touch" is apparently doing things to the Groups according to Sgt. Martin who claims that after every issue he has a hard time convincing the girls that they are still as beautiful as ever. Quoting some of the N.C.O.'s who frequent stores quite often, such as Sgt. Brooks of the Armament Section and Cpl. Simpson of Works and Bldgs. these new smiling W.D.'s make it a treat to visit the equipment section.

A popular figure of the Equipment Section and an "authority" on K. R. Air was left us for Fingal, Ont. and that is none other than Cpl. Shanks formerly of the I. & R. Section whose place has been taken by L.A.C. Harry Fisher. There have been many funny stories going around the Station about Cpl. Shanks and his yellow and black roadster, especially the one that F/Sgt. Picard tells about the trip they took to Kitchener. The following day Cpl. Shanks was the proud possessor of a new blue summons on behalf of the local police for parking under a no-parking sign. Could it be that the corporal needed glasses or could it be - - - ??

A stout sergeant determined to lose weight during his stay at the School hustled to the Clothing Store wicket for a pair of fatigue pants. He managed to pick out a pair big enough for energetic exercising under F/Sgt. Desjardins. Then a thought struck him, "Wait a minute", he exclaimed to L.A.C. Singleton, "those fit me now, but I expect to loose a lot—maybe I'd better take a smaller pair." L.A.C. Rowe working near by, shook his head. "If you can shrink as fast as these fatigue pants can, you'll be doing pretty good", he said, and calmly went on making the record of kit.

Soooo it will be up to each man in a squadron to see that their best players turn out - - - for who wouldn't like a Squadron Championship? Not only that, but the Station Team will be chosen from those men that play in the Inter-Squadron Games.

Much credit should be given F/O. Scott and his P.T. staff for their fine efforts in organizing these extra sporting events.

Recent visitors to the Station were L.A.C. Berscht who is now stationed at Bagotville, Que., and Cpl. Mathews stationed at Arnprior, Ont. Berscht came back to be married to a Kitchener girl while Cpl. Mathews came back to say "hello" to a Guelph girl. Both boys are former members of this Section and it was nice seeing them again. Speaking of marriages we wish to take on her engagement to a "W.A.G." of this School. They sure do get around. Apparently Donnie is trying to keep up with Kay Chapman another one of our Stenos who hopes to be able to announce her marriage in the near future, that is, if Sgt. Bob Pfaff agrees to it.

(Continued on page fifteen)

ART!

Peaceful arts also flourish in war time and effort is being made to recognize talent in this respect.

Arranged by the Art committee of Hart House, University of Toronto, a Canadian Armed Forces Art Exhibition will be held at Hart House between the dates of Nov. 14th and Nov 29th.

The Canadian Legion War Services are co-operating to the fullest extent in making it possible for anyone to contribute. Drawing and painting in any medium such as pencil, pen and ink, chalk, tempera, water-colour, oil, may be submitted—and paper is available at cost price.

Call at the Canadian Legion Office for full details.

BORN

To John O'Mahoney, Ozzie McClure, Jim Reitch, Art House and Jack Hargott, last week in Mills Hall, first floor, moustaches. Fathers and upper lips are doing nicely. (Funny papers please copy).

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News from the Flying Squadron at Burtch

Burtch Editor—SGT. R. G. McINTYRE

Burtch Reports Continued Progress

On the 25th Sept. 1941 the first group of technical personnel under F/O. now F/L. Foster and W.O.2 McGuire arrived at Burtch. To those of us who are still with No. 4 Wireless School this day will be long remembered and we look back on a year's progress here which was, to say the least, started under a very great handicap. We had no runways, no hangar, living quarters and messing were at best somewhat crude, but nevertheless the 21st entry arrived here, had their flying training and departed for B. & G. right on schedule. As time went on and our building programme approached completion it was possible to put in more flying hours and increase the quality of training at the same time. Today we believe we are second to none in our particular type of training, the credit for which, of course, is due to the very excellent spirit of co-operation

which exists between all sections. As long as this spirit flourishes our output of trained air crews will continue to maintain or even improve on, the previous high standards attained.

A new innovation for this station is the temporary posting of a large number of graduate W.A.G.'s, four of whom have been commissioned. We make them welcome, and hope their stay here will be as enjoyable as possible. The station has taken on the aspect of a small O.T.U. since their arrival, especially as our friends at No. 5 S.F.T.S. are also with us daily for Service Flying Training. Truly you wouldn't know the 'old place.

This month's issue winds up our feature on Maintenance, and due to space requirements, it has been decided to hold over the next one until the October issue.

—The Editor

SPORTS

The 41st entry, the parent school's latest addition to "these here parts" were very much to the fore in our station sports day—the second of the series, which we held on Monday, Sept. 7th, 1942. This 41st opened up our programme by coming into marshall conflict with that much publicised former entry, the 37th.

You remember no doubt the 37th, known as the "Bang and Wind Gang" by virtue of the fact that it comprised the Guelph band—well—some of its members are now in Burtch, and with usual grace, charm and aplomb did challenge the men of Thompson to a miniature series—not exactly in the proportion of the Yanks, but nevertheless "some pumpkins" in our little community.

So did we get underway amidst cat-calls and many ribald remarks and an atmosphere which threatened to "pop" at any time. After a ding dong argument settled by that worthy friend of ours, F/S. "nit-wit" Desjardin the 41st entry

emerged victors, and further proof of the Flight's work to the station.

Sgt. Sarnecki, on behalf of Burtch, challenged the 41st somewhat later in the programme, but to no avail. The 41st had their say, proving to be worthy winners in the softball division.

The bundle of energy—officially known as F/S. LaChance turned in a very meritorious performance, winning the 100 yards in slightly less than 11 seconds, to cop the honors. He was closely followed by L.A.C. Martinow, our athletic member of the Security Guard.

The running broad jump was well contested and only won after much close competition. Our ladies' events proved to be most colorful.

The knock-em-down, drag-em-out affair—which we are told is "Desjardin Rugby" but more closely resembles a form of modified murder was won by the 41st entry. The writer is of the firm belief that the Flight with the "haircut" should be detailed to work out a syllabus for Commandos.

The R.A.F.—New Zealanders took on the Station team at soccer, and after much good soccer had been evidenced, succeeded in driving the ball past S/I. Lussier—making his debut as a goal keeper to take the game by one goal to nothing.

Winding up the events with a relay race which was run over our new Commando course. The crowd of some 100 adjourned to the airmen's mess, here all records made on the sports held were surpassed with great care.

After the larder had been officially declared to be "beat", and adjournment was made to the Canteen where "mine host" Colonel Tai^{er} provided a bang up picture show, maybe it was the music—or maybe the galaxy of beautiful gals who were present, but a restless feeling prevailed about 2130 hours, and a further adjournment was made to the mess where rhythm syncopation, jive and gyration was King until at 0030 hours, when a group of tired, but satisfied people called it a day, and so, sports day No. 2 becomes history.

On Thursday evening, Sept. 10th, F/O. Scott and his genial team manager Sgt. Taylor came to town and provided the citizens of Brantford with as smart a show of softball as has been seen in some time. 1500 turned out to see the local No. 20 Training Centre as the opposition under the floodlights of Earl Häig Park.

For eight innings the game was tighter than some of the W.A.G.'s on graduation eve, but the ninth—ohmy—our infield resembled the Stenog's pool face resembling anything but his own pleasant, charming self, after much booting around and other various things which are not conducive to good ball. Our outfielder Booth accepted a change before the Sarge turned his traffic sign to "Stop".

However it was a good game and we in Burtch are proud of the Guelph team and take this opportunity of thanking them for supporting us in our endeavour to aid the charity campaign in Brantford.

CAPITOL THEATRE

Phone 1900

EVENINGS

at 7:00 and 9:00 p.m.

MATINEE

SATURDAY at 2:00 p.m.

CITY TAXI

AT YOUR SERVICE

Phone 2600

CARDEN STREET, OPPOSITE C.N.R. STATION

BURTCH—(Cont'd)**THE BOYS THAT KEEP THEM FLYING****SERGEANT (ED) SARNECKI**

By Sgt. Nisbet

Sergeant (Ed) Sarnecki was born in Toronto 25 years ago. He was educated at Central Technical School, Toronto, where he studied aircraft construction for 3½ years.

He joined the R.C.A.F. October, 1939, and went to St Thomas in the 3rd Airframe Mechanic entry.

At the conclusion of the course he was posted to K.T.S. Trenton, where he was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, November 1941.

Posted to No. 4 W.S.F.S. January, 1942. He is an enthusiastic ball player, having played at Stanley Park in West Toronto prior to enlistment. He is a valued member of Burtch ball team where he plays a great game out in left field.

SERGEANT (NO NICKNAME) BERGIE

By F/S. Desroches

Born in Victoria Harbour, Ont., April 12th, 1911.

Attended Victoria Harbour Public and High School and in 1925 he went to Toronto where he served an apprenticeship in the art of commercial printing, resulting in his being a compositor for 12 years. He then joined the R.C.A.F. (Sept. 1939).

Twenty three months were spent in St. Hubert where he earned his Corporal hooks with which he was "edcorated" in October, 1941.

On the fateful day of January 6th, 1942, he arrived at No. 4 W.S.F.S. (sigh) and received his third hook in July (Oh, happy day)—no more Corporal's sweat on those (censored) prop-hubs).

Now what, "little" man.

SERGEANT (WILLIE) NISBET

By Sgt. Bergie

Hails from Ingersol, Ont. After a formal schooling, the entire family moved to Toronto. He joined the R.C.A.F. in September, 1939, as an A.F.M. "direct entry", 3 days later he was posted to Camp Borden (missing all the work of cleaning bull pens, etc., etc.) After 10 months at Borden he was sent back to Toronto for an A.I.D. course. Upon completion of the course, he was promoted to the rank of Corporal.

In October, 1941, he was transferred to No. 4 W.S.F.S., Burtch, Ont., where, in July, 1942, Corporal "Willie" Nisbet

was promoted to Sarg.

Sarg Nisbet is also an ardent softball enthusiast—as a spectator he can't be beaten.

Keep up the good work "Nezzie."

SEEN AROUND

By "I'se - Open"

The church parade in charge of F/O. Lashbrook aided and abetted by F/O's Button and Layton. The reading of the lesson by F/O. Lashbrook, whose friends (?) do hope that the rumour that he is remustering to Chaplain service is untrue.

That bat that the "Passionate Pole" P/O. Filkosky carries around is used for a means of assuring protection from the weaker sex.

Sgt. Oddie whose popularity around these parts is greatly feminine.

That ravenous blonde beauty who looks so well in white clothes dancing with our friend "Pi-Etro". Well folks, there goes the Siren, O.K. Sergeant, here's the raving for the month—pray go easy with your axe—So long.

THIS'LL KILL YOU

A Parachutist was about to take his first jump.

Said the Instructor—All you have to do is jump, count to ten, then pull this rip cord on the front. If the parachute fails to open immediately count to ten again, reach round and pull the rip-cord at the back. When you land a station-wagon will be waiting to pick you up.

The jumper took a deep breath and bailed out. After counting to ten he pulled the first rip-cord. Nothing happened. After counting to ten again he reached round and pulled the second rip-cord. Nothing happened.

"Hell" he said disgustedly "I'll bet that station wagon won't be there either."

This comment clipped from O.A.C. Review expresses our sentiments perfectly:

*To those of you who criticize.
Why not instead give credit.
To him who sits up late at night.
This silly stuff to edit.*

WORD FROM SGT. CONNER

(Continued from page twelve)

I have been with 102 Squadron and believe me, on my arrival here I felt as much a rookie as in those early days at Manning Pool. Well—now has come the time to put to task all the things I was taught at No. 4. I am the only graduate of No. 4 on this squadron, so I have a job on my hands not to let Canadians on the squadron, so I am not alone in that respect. However, it has been planned, and I hope it will soon come through, that all the Canadians will be together as one group.

I had intended to write to Mr. Pettis, but have just read in "Sparks" that he is coming overseas, and I hope I may run across him soon. I've seen quite a lot of England in my seven months over here and enjoyed every day of it.

Well—I could go on writing for hours, but I don't want to bore you—so I'll close for now and wish you the best of luck in everything.

Give my regards to "Pop" Ambrose and the rest of the boys.

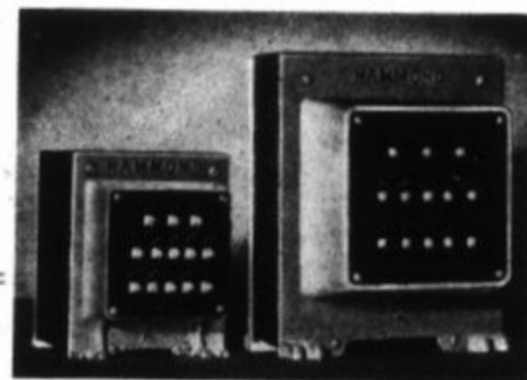
Cheerio,

Norman Conner, (Sgt.)

EQUIPMENT SECTION

(Continued from page thirteen)

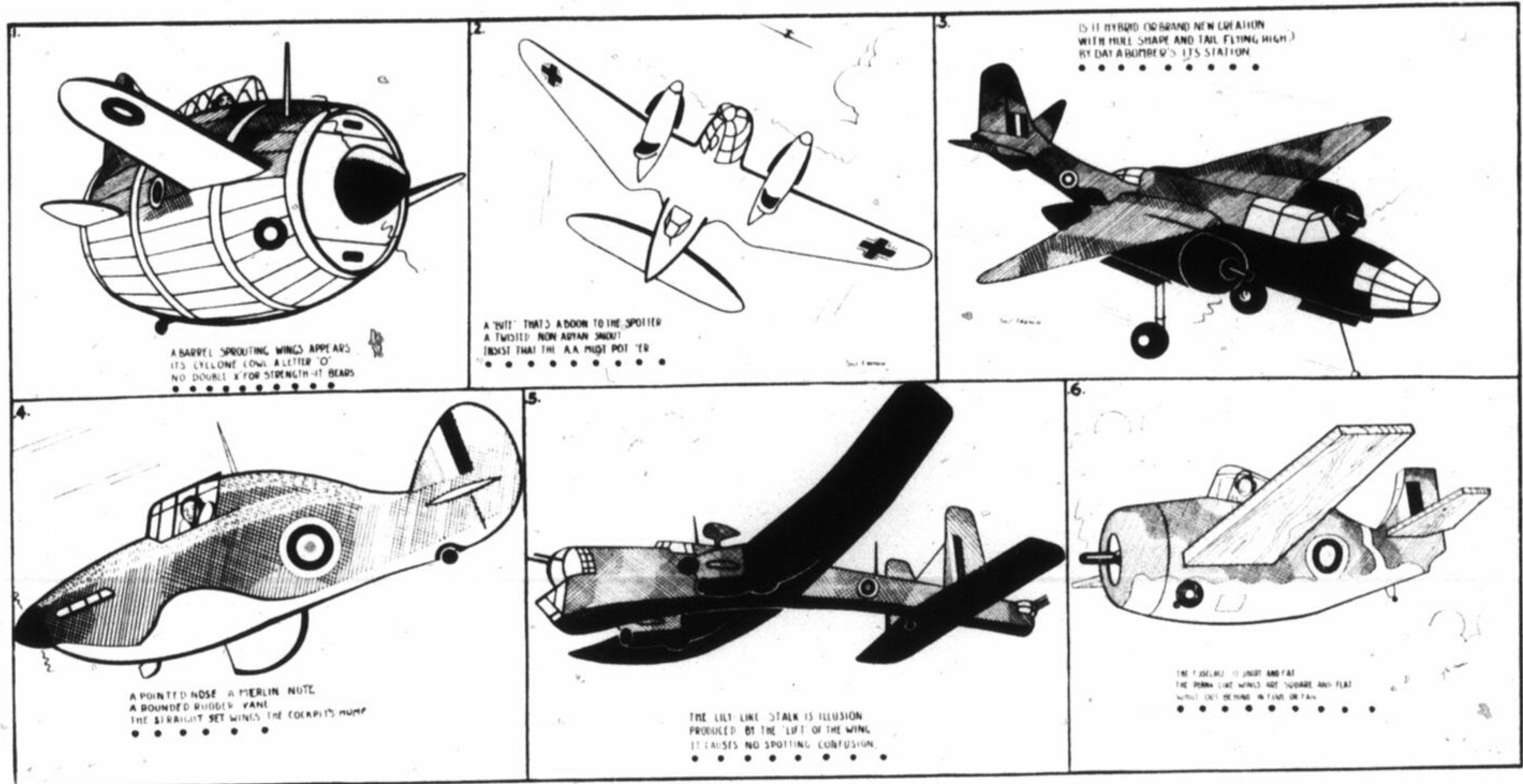
L.A.C. Johnson is a familiar sight here on the Station. To those that don't know of him, well, he is the station plumber who hails from Vancouver, B.C. Johnson was the latest victim of one of Harry Fisher's jestful pranks. It seems that Fisher had something on Johnson, in fact it seems that both were in some make-believe trouble and according to Fisher they were to appear on defaulters parade that evening. So as the story goes, both innocent airmen appeared on defaulters parade but to Johnson's surprise their names were not on the list. Fisher quickly rushed up to the Orderly Sergeant and explained the situation. The Orderly Sergeant immediately proceeded to assign Johnson to pick up scrap papers around the ground with Fisher as supervisor on account of his age. The highlight of the prank was to see Johnson with an armful of scrap papers perspiring in the twilight and Harry Fisher following him, pointing out the rubbish and also holding his sides from laughter.

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Rules:

1. Eligible entrants—W.A.G.'s now on course.
2. Judges: F/O Rowlinson, Arm. Officer F/O Morrison, Technical Adjutant, Sgt. Findlay.
3. Neatness will be a factor in deciding ties.
4. Decision of judges will be final.
5. Dead line for entries 10 days after publication of Sparks.
6. Entrants must submit at least one verse on each aircraft.
7. No entrant may win more than one prize.
8. Six prizes are offered.
9. Missing line is dotted.

How to Enter:

1. Take a sheet of clean paper.
2. Copy the verse under each aircraft on this sheet.

3. Determine the aircraft depicted in each case and use this name in making up the missing line for the verse concerned.
4. Affix the wing-span of each A/C to your Entry.
5. Turn in your entry at the Armament office before 10 days from the date of the issue of Sparks.
6. Note: these exaggerated drawings will make excellent material for your scrap-book.

First Prize	\$4.00
Second Prize	\$3.00
Third Prize	\$2.00
Three Prizes of	\$1.00

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1. A crooked wing, a square cut tail,
Flat legs below and a bomb to trail,
Deep-jowled before a glasshouse hump,

The Ju 87-B WAS Hitler's best trump.
Span 45'

2. Twice powered by Bristol-Hercules,
Swift striking in their flight,
Short-nosed, one fin, and many guns,
Already putting wind up huns,
The Beaufighter packs lots of fight
supremacy at night.
Span 58'

3. High tapered wings—a defiant suspected,
Downward curved fuselage—appearance dejected,
A kurrier tail—a large motor vee,
It's an H-F-113—that's plain to see
Span 30'

4. A hot house designed to encouraged green stuff,
A turret on top in shape like plum duff,
A nose somewhat haughty yet handsome enough,
An Anson by gosh! Even though in the rough.
Span 56'

5. With shapely tapered pointed wings the R.A.F. to train,
The turret guns are up on top, defending front and back,
While off set panels down below give sights to bomb attack,
The Blackburn Botha once did rule the atmospheric main.
the atmospheric main.
Span 59'

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